

Col. Prentiss Ingraham's New Story, "THE CRETAN ROVER," Next Week!

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No. 369.

SPRING SONG.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I came across the south-land hills;
I crossed the sun-kissed plains,
And bring to birds and blossoms back,
And pleasure And—
The children laugh to hear my step,
And violets, through the mold,
Peep out; and when they see my face
Their little leaves unfold.

I set the streamlets free again,
And dancing on their way
The merry music of their song
Maked all the world to-day.
I see the leaves to venture forth
Upon the apple-tree,
And open all the crocus-cups
To tempt the honey-bees.

I find the little flowers that sleep
Beneath the leaves of fall,
And tell them it is time to wake,
And hear the robin's call.
And every little blossoms' kiss
With the sweet warm rain;
Oh! all the world is glad to-day
That April's come again!

The Girl Rivals;

OR,

THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

SPREADING SNARES FOR GLITTERING WINGS.

One of the three friends who had been with Otis Garner at the club, the night of the famous wager, was something worse than a young fellow "sowing his wild oats," which was the worst that could be said of the remainder of the quartette.

The only one of the four who had not been spoiled by the indulgence of rich relatives, "Brummell" Pomeroy had never possessed any good qualities to be perverted. Nature had spoiled him in the making, having been nearly out of moral qualities when she compounded his heart and brain. He was an adventurer by profession; it was his business to make friendships with very young, very rich men, and to get his living out of them. Not over twenty-six or eight himself, at the time of the adventure from the steps of the Tremont, he knew how to command the confidence and admiration of fellows like Otis Garner. In the first place, he dressed always to such absolute perfection and with such consummate taste, that he was their envy and their wonder. This talent had gained him the sobriquet of Brummell, the initial of his given name being B.—probably for Benjamin; he never wrote it in full. Then, he understood all there was to understand about wines, about cards, about horses; if his intimates were to believe him—and they generally did—he was also very wise about women, and an immense favorite with them. All these accomplishments being of a kind to demand the admiration of his companions, they did admire him, and thought it a fine thing to be considered confidential friends of Mr. Pomeroy.

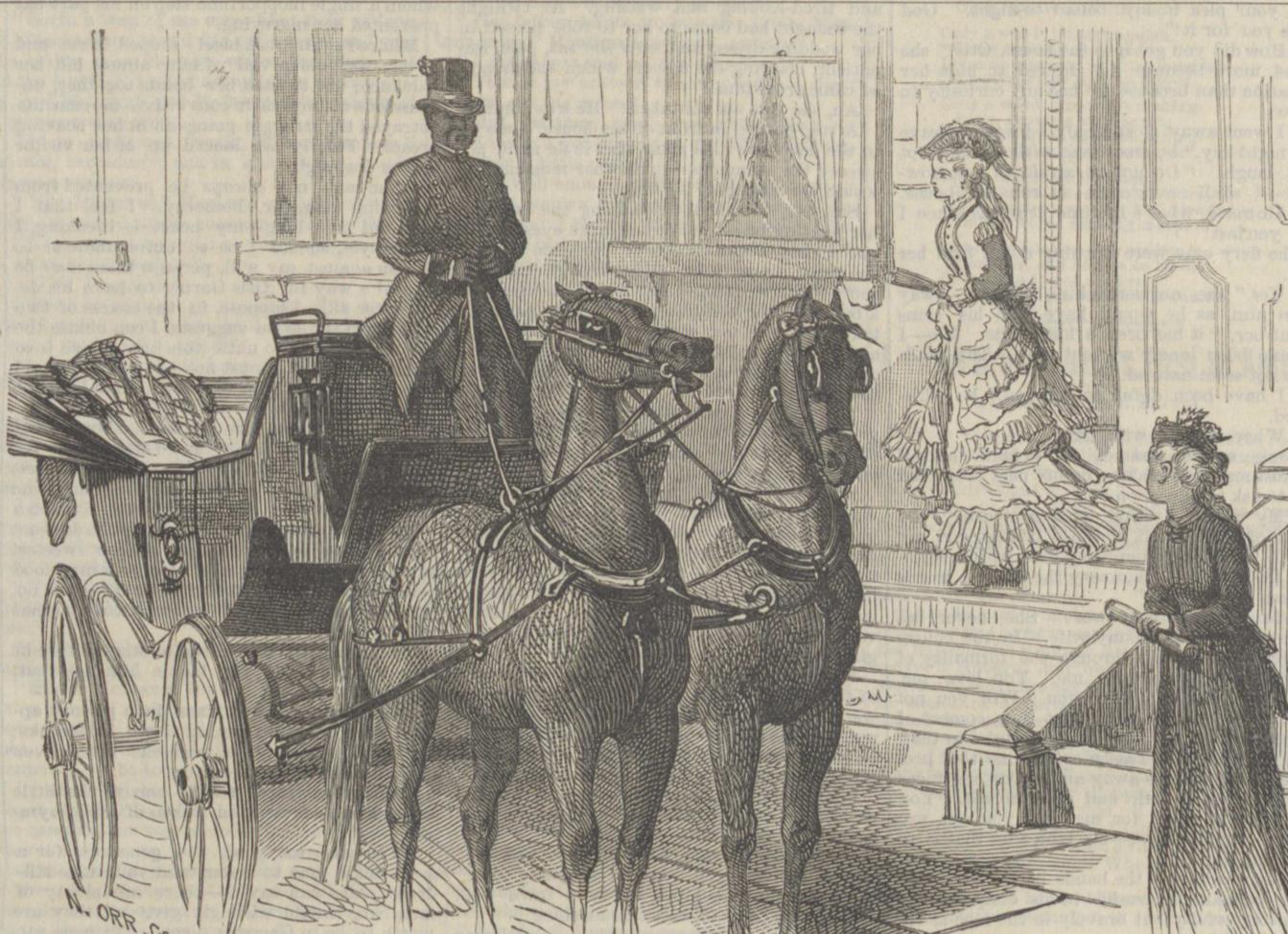
Without having any personal beauty, except a tall figure, Brummell had the reputation of great elegance, and was called a handsome man. His eyes were small, of no particular color, and close together. His nose was long, his forehead low, his mouth wide; but he had a well cared for mustache, waxed after a foreign fashion, which partially concealed his disagreeable lips. His hands and feet, though long, were slender, and looked well in immaculate gloves and boots.

He had been the most amused of the spirited way in which young Garner had fulfilled his word of honor as to the wager. Also, he had most closely observed the innocence and beauty of the poor girl who had been its victim. Those small, light eyes of his had feasted themselves on every particular of the childish, sweet loveliness of the little bride who had stood at the altar with his friend. During the following week he had contrived—how, Garner himself could not have told, for it was his intention to keep it a sacred secret from all—to get the address of the bride's mother.

Consequently, it followed that—when the crash came about the unfortunate young man's ears, and he was disinherited, and finally left the city—this intimate friend of his, alone of all his acquaintances, knew where the little bride lived *perdu*. Not a word of his knowledge did he breathe to any other.

But, not long after Otis Garner left for New York, it came to be an almost daily occurrence for Brummell Pomeroy to walk once or twice of an afternoon up and down the humble but respectable court in which the Widow Lovelace and her daughter dwelt.

He often met his friend's deserted bride going out or coming in; for very shortly after Otis Garner left Boston, little Mildred resumed her work of giving music-lessons to the two or three little girls whose mothers employed the incompetent young thing because she was cheap. Mildred could not help noticing one whose surpassing elegance made him doubly conspicuous in such a place; but, she did not associate him with Otis; nor did she ever dream that these promenades had any connection with her humble self. She puzzled herself for a



A girl, very nearly as young as herself, but tall and dark, and oh! so splendidly beautiful!

few days, after encountering him so frequently, as to what could bring such a gentleman into that vicinity; concluding, finally, that it was no affair of hers, and she would not vex her thoughts about him—though she did wish his business, whatever it was, had called him in some other direction, for she did not like having to pass and repass him so often.

He always scanned her so closely; it was embarrassing. Soon, whenever he caught her eye, he bowed, or lifted his hat; but so seriously, so respectfully, she could take no offense. She gave him the coldest possible little nod in return; and that was as far as their acquaintance progressed for some time.

As we know, young Garner left his wife quite a little sum of money, beside the rich presents he had lavished on her. Fifteen hundred dollars, in her eyes, was a small fortune. She meant—now that he was poor—to spend it very, very prudently; but, when week after week went by, and she had no word from him, except the first two or three brief, coldly courteous notes he had sent her in the last fortnight, she began to realize that he did, indeed, mean to leave her utterly. Bearing his name—bound to him—her title of wife was to prove an idle mockery. In his last brief letter had been another suggestion that three years of willful absence on his part would give her the right to regain her liberty, coupled with her mutual regret that his wild freak in marrying her must keep her so long from the love and admiration of such other suitors as one so lovely and amiable was sure to have.

Not a breath of affection from his lips; not a hint that their relations could ever be more intimate; not an idea, in marrying her he had already secured her love—her fondest, deepest love, not for a day or a year, but for a lifetime!

When Mildred had read it, the soft blush on her cheek when she opened it had faded to a cold white.

"He is bound to get rid of me. He bitterly repents the 'wild freak' which made me his. Oh, I repeat it, too! Oh, I repeat the foolish consent so quickly given! Not on my own account—no, for I would suffer a life of solitude just to live on the memory of those sweet half-hours when he came to see me—but on *his*! He wishes to be free. Ah me! poor little Mildred! He is ashamed of you—he cannot love you! Perhaps he loves another! Yes, I am sure of it. What was that the paper said about his uncle's plans for his marriage with a beautiful cousin? Perhaps he loves this beautiful cousin! Perhaps she returns his love. If it were not for me, he would not be driven from his home and from her presence. She lived in the same house with him—their uncle had it all nicely arranged—so the papers said, I am the miserable little upstart who has spoiled all. I 'jumped at the chance' to marry this rich young gentleman. It is a proper punishment on me that he is disinherited and has treated me with contempt since the hour he kept his word to his friends! Oh, yes, yes! I acknowledge all. I wish I could die and get out of the way—miserable little martyr!

"But, I love him—I love him—I love him!"

"That proud lady-cousin will never worship his very shadow—the echo of his footstep—as I worship them!"

Yet Mildred, childish and unworldly as she

was, had pride. She resolved that she would never touch one dollar of the sum which her husband had deposited for her use.

"I will work for poor sick mamma, as I used to work; my money shall stay where it is, and when he comes back, he shall have it—every penny of it. They shall see that I am not the mercenary creature they say I am. I did think it would be pleasant to be able to give mamma all she needs; but I loved him, or I would not have said 'yes.' He seemed to me so beautiful, so superior! I thought Heaven had answered my prayer to send me a friend to take care of poor little me, when mamma was dead and gone."

So she resumed her lessons to the three or four small pupils, living even more sparingly than before, except that she disposed of some of the costly trifles Otis had given her, and bought luxuries for her mother, whose health, now that winter had set in, grew worse from week to week.

And, to feed her starving heart with the thought that she was Otis Garner's bride, she would dress herself—late in the afternoon, when she had no more errands out of doors in some one of the silken robes he had bought her, clasp his pearls about her slender neck, fasten over her shining hair with the diamond spray, and sit and dream wild dreams about her fairy prince—wild, sweet, impossible dreams.

At the same time a passionate desire took possession of her to see her rival—this beautiful cousin, the flower of the proud old Garner family. She found out the splendid mansion of the Garners; and fell into a habit, when her last lesson of the day was through with, of going home by way of that street, no matter how far out of the way it took her.

The third time she passed the house the Garner carriage, with its black coachman, in dark-blue livery, and black horses sumptuous with gold-decorative harness, stood before it.

She recognized the coat-of-arms on the panel of the door, for she had seen it on the quaint old seal which Otis had once shown her. She walked quickly on a few rods further—then turned and came slowly back.

A lady was coming down the broad, lion-guarded steps of the house. Mildred, walking very slowly by, had a good opportunity for one long look. A girl, very nearly as young as herself, but tall and dark, and oh! so splendidly beautiful!

Mildred's great, childlike, violet eyes, eager as they were when the bright glances of the superb young beauty chanced to encounter their earnest observation. How like a princess, "to the manor born," the heiress gilded down the steps, floated across the pavement, and entered the luxurious carriage whose door was held open for her by another liveried servant!

How her velvets, and laces, and flowers became her, as the rich feathers of the tropical bird became it! What a dainty little hand, with a pearl-colored glove which fitted like the skin, lay, carelessly clasping a costly handkerchief, on the amber satin of the carriage-cushions, as she gave some directions—in a voice musical as the breathings of the "lovely lute"—to the coachman.

But was there—or was there not—just a shadow over that brilliant face as if the girl possibly thought of some loss or grief? Mildred asked herself.

"Is she sorry, or is she glad, that, by his folly, she has got his fortune?"

"Does she love him, and grieve? Or, has she only gained?"

The restless horses dashed gayly off with their lovely burden.

Mildred could not answer her own questions; but she went home, a thousand times more melancholy than before she had seen this peerless creature.

"No study, no toil, no endeavor, will ever make me like her. She is born to grace, and pride, and high-bred ease; while I am constrained, and humble, and poor. No wonder that he despises me! Oh, my proud, fair pony! Your poor little Mildred is but the lowly violet for you to set your foot upon. She is your fitting mate. I see it—I feel it."

Then, out of her very despair, there arose, in Mildred's soul, mighty resolve to make herself a lady and meet companion for him whose name she bore.

"I will take her for my example," thought the poor child. "I will steal a look at her as often as I dare. I will notice her dress, her movements, her way of doing this and that. I will try to be as like her as possible. Yet I shall be ridiculous when she is incomparable. Nevertheless, I will try. I love him—and I will try."

She spoke the last words aloud, as she hurried homeward, and she set her tiny foot on the pavement with a resolute tap. She had been so engrossed with her own thoughts that she had noticed nothing.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Garner," said a polite voice.

She stopped, started and blushing to be called by that name.

It was the gentleman she had passed so many times.

He stood, most respectfully soliciting her attention; though the day was cold he held his hat in his hand.

"Will you excuse my speaking to you without an introduction, and on the street?" he began, most beseechingly and courteously. "The fact is, Mrs. Garner, I am deeply anxious to hear from Mr. Garner. We are intimate—very intimate—friends, if you will believe me; brothers, almost; yet he has given us all the slip. We, who are so fond of him, and so anxious to prove our friendship, have not even his present address. Will you be so good as to favor me with it?" and returning his hat to his head, he took out note-book and pencil.

"Indeed, sir, I am sorry, but I do not know it myself."

"Ah, I see, Mrs. Garner; you are very properly cautious. Of course, you know your husband's address, but you will not give it to a stranger. Here is my card. B. Pomeroy. You must have heard him speak of me. 'Brummel,' he calls me—a joke of his."

"I do not remember his speaking of you. But then," added Mildred, looking up with an artless blush, and sad smile, "that is not strange. Our acquaintance was so short."

"Yes, yes, I know. Why, my dear, dear lady, I was one of the four who laid down the wager; I saw you two meet; I saw you two married. A wild frolic, perhaps, but it ended charmingly. We all considered our friend Garner a lucky fellow! It was a frightful lottery, yet he drew a splendid prize. We all envied him when we saw the bride."

"I scarcely think he was to be envied, Mr. Pomeroy," said little Mildred, with a blending of humility and dignity very sweet and touching to see, and she attempted to pass him.

"One moment, please. Yes, I know, I know—lost the old uncle's money—for a time, only, I dare say—but gained a prize richly worth the whole of it."

"My husband does not seem to think so, sir," responded Mildred. "My mother will be looking for me, Mr. Pomeroy. I would like to oblige you, but I have not heard from Mr. Garner for some time. He is in New York. I cannot tell you the street or number of his residence."

"Ten thousand thanks! If I hear from him soon, I shall take the liberty of letting you know," and with another profound bow, he passed on.

The little twelve-year-old maid whom Mrs. Lovelace kept to do their roughest work and to wait upon her in her daughter's absence, met Mildred at the door with word that her mother was worse. This alarming news banished the thick-thronging fancies about the beautiful cousin and the strange gentleman from Mildred's mind for that evening.

But the mother got better, and the old dreams filled again the mind of the deserted child-wife.

And one week from the day on which he had addressed her, at meeting her on the street, Mr. Brummell Pomeroy called and sent in his card, by the little maid, to Mrs. Lovelace and Mrs. Garner.

"He has news of *him!*" cried Mildred, and she met the man of duplicity at the door of their modest parlor; a glow on her cheek and fire in her eye and smile on her lip that made the artless little wife as beautiful as some hour.

The false-hearted man of the world knew that bright look was not called up by pleasure at seeing him; but he resolved, then and there, that the time should come when he would have power.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HANDWRITING AFTER DEATH.

It was Christmas night—the first Christmas after the mad marriage which had sent Otis Garner to wander over the earth a ruined and aimless man—and the great house of the Garners was ablaze with light from basement to attic. Yet there was no merry-making going on in the old mansion. There was not even one guest to break the silence which reigned through the illuminated splendor of the drawing-room. The servants had lighted up the rooms, according to custom; but not for the reception of troops of joyous friends and relatives.

Old Mr. Garner was no exception to a common rule—that as a man grows older and colder, so do his friends fall away. Not but that he had an army of admirers who would fain be intimate with him; but he kept these at their distance—admirers, sharers at times of a sumptuous hospitality, but not heart-friends. And since the bright, gay, handsome, faulty boy, on whom he had lavished nearly all that was left of his withering affections, had so cruelly disappointed him—and since he had driven this boy from his heart and home—the old man had felt little disposed for empty shows of gayety. Crowds of idle pleasure-seekers were no longer invited to dance and chatter and feast under his princely roof.

Did he forget his young niece, and that life was not all over with her?—that she might crave the stimulus of gay society? No. But Honoria was not a boy—she did not bear the Garner name—she never could be to him what Otis had been.

Nevertheless, he remembered her—that she was his niece and his heiress; and that society had claims on her. More than once he had offered to give her a grand ball or more modest German. But Honoria herself had refused. What was the matter with her, that the young beauty shrank, almost as much as the old uncle, from the fashionable dissipations of the season?

There were dozens of young scions of the bluest blood of Boston who were pining for an opportunity to declare in what high esteem they held her: i.e., her beauty, rank and fortune.

Yet she remained indifferent to the triumphs in store for her the moment she might deign to accept them.

That perverse quality of human nature which makes an object dear in proportion as it is unattainable, had suddenly, in the hour in which she heard him declare himself married, given to her cousin Otis a charm and power he had never before had for her. Not that pure-minded Honoria was so wicked as to knowingly cherish a love for one lost to her by marriage with another; on the contrary, she made every effort to put him out of her thoughts.

Did you ever attempt, on a sultry summer day, to brush away a fly that annoys you? Then, you know, that the more attention you give the buzzing insect, the more persistently will he return to the attack. So it was with Honoria's thoughts of her cousin. When she knew him her slave and lover, she gave small heed to thoughts of him that might hum drowsily about her; but now that such thoughts must be brushed away, behold! they return and return to trouble and annoy.

In the shock and surprise of his avowed

marriage, she, for the first time, felt that she loved him with whom she had so carelessly trifled. Now that she had lost him she realized how dear he had grown, through months and years of companionship. Otis had his faults—never mind! she could have reformed them. Otis was not wise, or prudent, or very intellectual, or very good; she had imagined finer ideals of a man—never mind! she loved him—loved his very faults and follies!

Oh, that she had known her own heart sooner!

In the three long months since, casting that wild look of farewell into her troubled eyes, he had gone away, she had found enough to do to study how to forget him as a lover and learn to serve him as a friend.

She knew to a certainty almost nothing about Otis since his departure. She had heard a rumor that he was in New York; she had heard from some source—she could not trust it—that he had never been near the poor girl whom he married since the hour they stood at the altar together—that was all. Whether this rumor was true—what was the girl's name—who she was, where she lived, how she looked, acted, what she knew—this was all a blank to Honoria. She had formed in her mind an idea of what this girl was like. Bold and unblushing she must be, or she never would have taken up with such an offer; coarse, ignorant, impudent, ungrateful; with the rude beauty of the factory girl—for some one, somewhere, had averred that the bride was handsome. This was the image of her cousin's wife which presented itself to Honoria whenever she thought of her. It was seldom that any pity for the girl softened the severity of the proud heiress' condemnation. Her pity, her tenderness, were all for the wayward, frolicsome cousin whose high spirits, and the temptations of bad company, had led him into this fatal folly.

It was Christmas night, as we said; the stately dinner in the great dining-room was over, and the two, who had partaken very lightly of its long succession of luxurious dishes, were now in the brilliant drawing-room. Mr. Garner sat by a small table drawn up in front of the silver-barred grate, where a golden fire nestled cosily. His "lean and slumped" feet were stretched toward its comfortable warmth; his eyes were on the heart of the golden fire, though a book, half-dropping from his hand, gave pretext of occupation.

On Christmas night what can an old man do but think of by-gone Christmas nights? He lay curled up in a corner of a sofa, watched him from a distance. Perhaps she cried a little, for something round and bright sparkled in the sudden upleaping of a rosy jet of flame in the grate, as she lifted her face and looked longingly at the old man dreaming his dreams.

A moment more and she was at his feet. "Uncle, dear, dear uncle!" "Well, my child?" "We are so lonely!" "Oh! we are?"

"Yes, uncle, you are lonely too! I can see it in your face! Forgive poor Otis, uncle! Oh, forgive him, and send for him to come home!" "With his bride out of the streets?"

"Oh, not out of the streets, dear uncle—she was a music-teacher; she may be good and lovable—we do not know, ('and I do not think it to herself) and, at all events, they say he is not living with her—never has lived with her."

The eager, beautiful eyes were upturned to the old man's; her soft little hands were clasped over his knee; he looked quietly down into the dark, blooming face, and said, slowly:

"Would you have me re-make my will yet a third time, Honoria? If Otis is forgiven, and comes back to this as his home, he must have the property left to him as at first designed. Reflect! You will no longer have the interest in that property which, as my nephew's wife, you would have had. All that is over and gone, now. Are you willing to give up your own prospects to Otis—and to Otis' wife?"

"There is enough for all of us, dear uncle." "I have not built up this fortune as patiently as I have, to break it in pieces over my grave. It is my pride, my ambition, to keep it together in one great whole, as it now is. Therefore I shall not leave it to two, three, or four."

"Leave it all to my cousin, then. I prefer he shall have it."

"Not so, Honoria. The man who will do an act so utterly untrue and rash as he did, is unfit to have the control of such a fortune. Rather, let me trust it to the small hands of my girl-niece—with such promises as will prevent her from at once giving it all away."

"Let us not talk of the money, uncle dear; you have many years of vigorous life yet before you, in which to take charge of your own. But, forgive poor Otis, his folly. Send for him. I know you will be happier, uncle. Think! perhaps your harshness is driving him to yet wilder courses! Despair may make him desperate. Oh, I fret about him night and day."

"The Bible says, Honoria, 'Fret not thyself because of evildoers;' it is good advice; take it. Remember you are but seventeen, and do not seek to give advice to your elders. Here, child, I did not intend to make you cry. But my mind is made up about Otis, and I shall not change it without better reason than I have yet seen for doing so. Come, come! dry your eyes and go to the piano and sing me some of the old ballads that you know I like!"

Her uncle seemed a hard and a grim old man to Honoria just then—though his Christmas gift of pearls and diamonds had cost many thousand dollars, and lay glittering in her hair, her tiny ears, and about her stately neck, as a testimony to his generosity—but she wiped her eyes as he bade her, and went to the piano.

This instrument stood in the music-room at the end of the long drawing-room, and separated from it by heavy silk curtains, which slipped back on gilded rings at pleasure. Honoria drew them wide apart so that her uncle might listen to the music at his ease. As she did so she started and gave a little scream.

"What is it?" asked the old man by the fire, half rising.

"Nothing—noting at all, dear uncle! I must be growing nervous since even shadows frighten me," and with a little laugh she sat down to the piano.

Her voice trembled on the first verse of her first song; but she soon mastered it, and it swelled out sweet, plaintive, and soul-thrilling, giving a depth of feeling to the simple words of the old ballads, and chaining the heart of the listener to old scenes, old memories. Old days, when a girl fairer than this one sang these same sweet songs, while he sat by and listened, and loved, and would not tell his love because the singer's name was too lowly to fitly mate the lofty one of Garner. The Garner pride, so strong even in youth, was not less powerful now; the boy he loved had disgraced himself by a shameful

mesalliance—he would have no more to do with him.

Not a breath whispered to the old man the truth, that this same reckless "boy" was, at that moment, lurking behind the curtains of the music-room, having sought the house with a faint hope that by this time his folly was pardoned; but who, hearing the sharp words replied to his cousin's unselfish petition, had shrunk back into the shadows of the music-room, resolved not to betray himself to the stern judge.

Honorina had seen him, and, at the same moment, the signal of silence which he made; and so, trembling and anxious had continued on her way to the piano, pretending carelessness.

Perhaps for a long hour Honoria sung and played, then, with a weary sigh her uncle arose, thanked her, rung the bell for his personal attendant, and still sighing, climbed the broad velvet-covered stairs to his own room.

"Now!" cried Honoria, as master and man went into the room above, rising from the stool and going toward the intruder, who also arose and met her half-way.

"I came from New York to-day, cousin. I am tired and homesick. I felt that I must see you again. I am penniless, too. It is hard to earn money when you have not been trained to it. I hoped uncle had repented his harshness, and would, at least, give me something to do in the counting-room, but I heard what he said to you to-night. He is merciless. Well, be it so. But you, Honoria, you are all tenderness and generosity! I shall never forget your plea in my behalf to-night. God bless you for it!"

"How did you get into the house, Otis?" she asked, more because she desired to hide her agitation than because she had any curiosity to know.

"I went away so suddenly I forgot to leave my night-key," he answered, with an attempt at a laugh. "Do not be afraid of me, however—I shall never come to rob the house, Oh, Honoria, what a lifetime it seems since I saw you last!"

The fiery eyes were burning down into her soul.

"Yes," she answered him, drawing away from him, as he would have put his arms about her. "it has been a long time. We—I have been lonely without you. The place does not seem natural."

"I have been dying to see you," he whispered.

"Where is your wife, Otis?"

Some subtle instinct to defend herself against any love-making on his part prompted her to ask the question.

"My wife! My God, what a mockery you make of that word, cousin! Is that girl my wife? Must that nummery bind us forever?"

"Do you call nummery the solemn words spoken at the altar?"

"In my case they were. She never has been—never will be my wife. In the course of time she will go through the formality of getting a divorce from me. You love me, Honoria, even as I love you. Will you not promise me to wait until that time comes? I came here; more to get your promise to that, than for any other reason. Give me that promise, and I will go away and make one more earnest effort to help and raise myself. You will do that much for me, will you not, my sweet—my only love—my true wife that is to be, some day?"

She pulled away the hands he held so tight they were almost crushed in his clasp, looking sorrowfully but bravely in the face as she answered him:

"No, Otis, I will make no promise to you while that woman lives. I am your friend—your true, warm, earnest friend. But she is your wife. Her rights are sacred—as sacred as are my ideas of what is due to me, Otis. You must never speak to me in this manner again."

"You will not understand me," he cried, impatiently.

"I do not want you to say anything wrong—only to promise for the future."

"We must not deceive ourselves, Otis. You are blind, or trying to make yourself out so. Once more, I am your friend. Try to make me more than that, and I will be nothing but a stranger to you."

She bade him sit down by her side and tell her his business troubles. She sympathized with these, and promised to try again to soften their uncle's displeasure; she was kind, angelic in her gentle tenderness—but she would allow no more of those burning, foolish, almost wicked words with which he had begun.

At last the bells tolled midnight; promising him to meet him on the Common the following afternoon, she let him softly out of the door into the street.

She did not keep this appointment. When another morning dawned there had been a stranger visitor at the old Garner mansion than he who had entered there so quietly and stolen to the music-room to meet her whom he loved. This visitor had no latch-key; but he entered, nevertheless; and when he went away he did not go alone; the soul of the millionaire went with him, leaving houses and lands and stocks and gold behind forever.

When the servant entered Mr. Garner's room, on the following morning, he found his master dead in bed. Whether the disappointment consequent on the conduct of his nephew had aught to do with hurrying this sad event, cannot be certainly known.

Surely, the old man made the effects of his wrath permanent. Every dollar of all his property was bequeathed to his niece, Honoria Appleton, with this proviso: that she was never to share it with her cousin, Otis Garner.

The gift of any portion of the estate, or of any sum of money, or any jewels or personal property, to this Otis, would render the whole void; and in that case the estate should go to a distant relative—a strange Garner, living in another part of the country.

So did the implacable old man perpetuate his anger.

The name, signed firmly to that unjust will, made it impossible for Honoria to follow the impulse of her heart, and made her wretched.

CHAPTER IX.

Poisoned Flowers.

LITTLE Mildred sat alone in her humble sitting-room on New Year's night; her mother, growing more and more feeble, now seldom left her bedroom, unless for two or three hours at mid-day.

Mildred sat alone, and she and her splendid dress made a strange contrast to her surroundings. On this night, in her sorrow and her forlornness, she had indulged in her fancy to wear the rich raiment her husband had given her during those few weeks—those bright, unreal, wonderful, blissful weeks—when he came every day "to make the acquaintance" as he said, of "this sweet stranger, whom he called his wife."

To-night she had even gone so far as to array herself in the white satin and lace dress which she had been married. There, in the

poor little room, she sat, pale, sad, lovely, like Cinderella awaiting her godmother's coach-and-four.

The glistening bridal robe fell richly about her dainty figure; there were pearls about her graceful neck, bracelets about her white arms; but, instead of the bridal vail, she had taken down her long, bright hair and shaken it out in a thousand rippling strands, until she looked like some nymph of the sea, dressed in the silver and pearl of its caves, and sitting in the midst of a golden fountain.

Surely, surely, had the proud old man, now lying under the snow of the churchyard, once beheld this delicate young creature, in her innocence and her loveliness, he would not have so relentlessly punished his nephew for his rash act.

But he never had seen her, and now—it was too late. She sat there, alone, with pale cheeks, but bright, wide, expectant eyes, holding in her small hands a most exquisite large bouquet of cut flowers, whose perfume filled the room. These flowers had come to her that morning; a messenger had left them with the little maid-of-all-work; there was no card attached, nor was any name left; so poor little Mildred, her heart leaping high in her breast, took it for granted that Mr. Garner had returned to Boston and had sent these lovely blossoms as a token that he would call upon her some time that day.

All day she had waited. Restless as some brilliant humming-bird she had flitted about her mother, or darted to the window, until the dark came and she was pale and tired-looking and waiting. At twilight the thought had come to her to robe herself in her wedding-dress; and now she sat, pale, impatient, clasping the flowers which she dreamed of him.

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as I hold my mine here I can get that. I ain't got any ambition at all, Miss; it ain't in me."

"You have given me your answer now, even though you deny your identity," Dianora said, quietly.

Montana looked puzzled for a moment; he had expected a stormy outbreak, and the calmness of the girl surprised him.

"Yes, Miss, I suppose that you may consider it a sort of answer."

"You prefer your home here amid these wild scenes and lawless surroundings to all that I can offer in the way of luxury and wealth?"

"Well, I haven't any right to accept such things from you, Miss," Montana answered, bluntly.

"Oh! enough of that!" Dianora cried, with a gesture of impatience. "I know very well that you are the man I take you to be."

"They call me William Jones—"

"And call you wrongly they that do so!" the girl cried, vehemently. "Your name is Robert Peyton, your birthplace, Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock. You married me in Chicago ten years ago; just six days our honeymoon lasted and then you disappeared, and I have never set eyes on you since, until I saw you in Deadwood last evening."

Montana smiled; it was plain that the persistence of the woman annoyed him.

"I see, Miss, that it ain't of the least use to argue with you," he said; "you're set in your notion, but I'm not the man."

"For the last time then—you refuse?"

"I'm not the man!" he repeated.

"You prefer a miner's hard, uncertain toil to the station and wealth I offer?"

"Yes, Miss, I do," Montana replied, decidedly. "Every man to his fancy; I had rather live here in peace and quiet than mix again with the big world. I prefer it."

"And you prefer Mercedes Kirkley to me?"

Montana started as he had trod on a rattlesnake and heard the warning war-cry of the spotted monster sounding in the air.

A gleam of triumph shone in Dianora's clear blue eyes as she noted the effect of her cleverly-aimed shaft.

"I have pierced you at last, eh?" she exclaimed.

"You have astonished me, that's all," Monta-

"You are very clever!" Miss Campbell exclaiming, full of wrath; "but, clever as you are, you will find that I am a match for you!"

I am your wife—the law has never stepped between us; you have forgotten me for this little pale-faced slip of a girl—a child who had better be playing with her dolls than thinking of lovers! Are you blind, Peyton, that with that preface Mercedes Kirkley to Dianora Campbell?"

"You are mistaken, Miss; the lady you speak of is nothing to me, nor I to her," Montana said, coldly. "But if the case was different, and we were lovers, I rather think that all the world combined wouldn't separate us!"

"You defy me?" and Dianora rose, pale with anger.

"If that is a defiance, Miss, then I defy you," Montana answered, half turning away.

"Wait and hear me for a moment!" Miss Campbell cried, lurid fires flashing in her great blue eyes. "You have scorched me and my love, and now it is war between us. This girl—I will tear her from your arms; this mine which you think so valuable—I will wrest it from you; firmly fixed as you are here in Deadwood, I will make you curse the hour you first set foot in this region! Your friends shall drop away as the dried and withered leaf falls from the tree when the autumn winds blow! And then, when at last I crush you to the earth, helpless, perhaps you will remember that there is one true heart in the world that has never ceased to beat for you, and will be willing even then—as I shall be—to forgive and forget!" And then Miss Campbell swept proudly away, as fair a girl in her glorious beauty as ever the Western sun shone upon.

CHAPTER XXIV. O'TOOLE THE GREAT.

CALMLY Montana watched the lady depart, no trace of emotion upon his marble-like face. Miss Campbell's threats had made no more impression than her supplications.

Around the bend in the gulch walked the girl and disappeared from sight.

And then Montana fell to meditating.

"My friends shall fall from me, eh?" he muttered, seating himself upon the rock from whence Dianora had risen. "The mine shall be wrested from my possession. Mort Campbell, esquire, butcher and statesman, is to perform that little operation I presume; but, maybe, it won't be so easy a job as they think! So far, since I have sojourned in Deadwood, I have kept my hands off my fellow-men; I have jumped no man's claim—have kept out of every one's way: I have let every one alone, and have trusted that the compliment might be returned; but if it is to be war, why then, they shall have it, red hot! Mercedes, too! So they couple our names together, do they? I have been a fool to allow any one to see that I liked the girl. What has such a man as I am to do with a fresh young heart? Mine was scared, long ago. There is a mystery about the girl, too. For the past ten days I have avoided her, and she, instead of being offended, has taken pains to seek me out here. Does she really care for me? or is it but the natural coquetry of woman annoyed at the defection of an admirer, and determined to again lure the truant bird to her feet? Is there such a thing in this life as a true and honest-hearted woman? I've tried two of them and found them both equally false and fickle. I ought to be satisfied, but I suppose it is man's nature to long for a woman's love. Bah! what an idiot I am! I talk like a love-sick boy. Mercedes is nothing to me nor to her. No more will I linger under the spell, charm her ever so wisely. They may beat me in this coming fight, but at the worst I can turn red-skin and in the wild life of the wilderness forget the wrongs that civilized man has inflicted upon me."

And just at this period the miner's meditations were interrupted by a musical voice, deeply tinged with the rich brogue of old Ireland, chanting a stave loudly down the gulch:

"I'm a gentleman born, an' I seen a trade,

I'd be a rich man if me debts was paid."

And then around the bend in the ravine came a stout fellow, clad in the blue of Uncle Sam, and carrying a shot-gun upon his shoulder.

Montana recognized him at once as a soldier of the garrison, by name Dermot O'Toole, and reputed to be about as hard a case as had ever kept step to the music of the march. More days of the year O'Toole spent in the guardhouse than at his quarters, and from his blundering, quarrelsome disposition he was a nuisance alike to both the officers and men of his regiment.

Not that O'Toole was naturally a rascal, but he had a quick temper, drank to excess whenever he could procure liquor, and then was never happy until he had got into a fight with

somebody. Punishment had little effect upon him, for he never could be convinced that he was at all in the wrong, but always looked upon himself as being a very much abused individual.

Montana was very well acquainted with the soldier, having, with his natural love for fair play, interfered once to save him from being pretty roughly handled by a party of miners from one of the mountain gulches with whom O'Toole had succeeded in quarreling. With the usual disdain for numbers, so common to the Celt in liquor, the soldier had defied the whole party to mortal combat, and was being well pounded when Montana, reluctant to see a man beaten when he was so drunk as to be hardly able to stand, got in between the combatants, and, aided by a few others, succeeded in stopping the row.

O'Toole had been lugged off to the fort by some of the townsmen, and Montana had not happened to encounter him since the day of the affray; in fact, the doughty Irishman had spent the better portion of the time since that occasion in "durance vile," the guardhouse holding him prisoner.

"The top of the mornin' to you, sorr," said the Irishman, as he came up the gulch.

"How are you?" Montana responded.

"Out foine, sorr, as foine as silk, bedad!"

"Out gunning?"

"Yis, sorr, it's huntin' I am, d'y'e mind?

Do ye think that I'd be after findin' a buffalo beyond?" and O'Toole pointed up the gulch.

"Nary buffalo!" was the terse reply.

"Is it a deer, thin, that I'll shoot?"

"You might find a deer up at the head of the gulch."

"Sorra wan o' me cares phat it is, as long as it's somethin' that I kin git a crack at," and the soldier came close to where the miner sat on the boulder, looked around him mysteriously, and his rough and ill favored face assumed a cunning expression.

"It's a gentleman ye air, Mister Montana?" he said, caustically, and in a low voice, barely above a whisper.

"Yes, I hope so," Montana added, considerably astonished at the manner of the soldier.

"Your word's as good as yer bond, an' both of them is fast-clasped!"

"Well, I hope so."

"It's a foine man ye air, sorr; if it hadn't been for you, sorr, it's a dead man I'd be this blessed min'e, d'y'e mind?"

"I guess they would have battered you up pretty well."

"Oh, no! it isn't that, sorr!" O'Toole exclaimed, with great dignity. "Civil a batter at all. I would have kilt every man of the crowd, an' thin it's a hangin' matter that would have been to the fore!"

"Do you think so?" asked Montana, gravely, rather amused at the view the Irishman took of the affray in which he had been so well pounded."

"You saved me from murtherin' the blaggards, an' I'll do as much for you any time, is sorra."

"Oh, that's all right," the miner replied, carelessly.

"Mister Montana, it's a foine man ye air, an' a man of judgment; it's the learnin' ye have in thine in yore head, sorr; an' now look at me! I'm an O'Toole! It's a member of parliament I ought to be this day across the say, if I had my rights, d'y'e mind! It's the blu blood of the O'Toole's I have in me veins, an' me grandfather was a dock an' me grandmother a dookess, an' if it hadn't been for my father marryin' a poor girl—she was a Malone—the second daughter of Cock-eyed Malone, the hoss-doctor, beyond by Ballybroughan, methinks it's knowin' to him ye air."

Montana shook his head.

"Well, it's all the same. Yis, sorr; if it hadn't been for that same weddin' it's a dock, sorr, I'd be this day wid lashin's of gould!" exclaimed the Celt, impressively.

"It was bad for you, old man," observed the miner.

O'Toole felt encouraged by this sympathy.

As a general thing his relation of his high descent and ducal rights were received with shouts of laughter.

"Yis, sorr, it was bad! but it is the heart of a dock t' I have within me for all that same. It's a gentleman, sorr; sorr; bat luck to me when I forget it! though I do descend to carry a musket and drill like a nagur. Ye did me a service, sorr, an' Dermot O'Toole is the b'y wid a memory. Ye have enemies, sorr, an' it's flat on the broad of your back they'd like to follow up?" Wan of dem—an' it's a high cockalorum he is in Deadwood!—sed to me, sed he, as he was in the guard-house is bad for your health; now I can help as no other man can. There is a chap in the town beyond—"this was in the guard-house, d'y'e mind?—bitter bad luck to it!" Montana they call him; and it's a poker-player he is; now I'll give you a hundred dollars to play poker wid him. If ye win, all right; if ye lose, all right, too, for thin ye can complain to me that he has chatted with me off your money, an' it's drummed up the town I'll have him in."

Montana listened, a little incredulously it must be said, to this tale, for he knew of no reason why any officer of the garrison should wish to injure him.

"I'm very much obliged," he said, perceiving that the Irishman expected an acknowledgment.

"Yer welkum, sorr; shure! me blood would let me harun the man phat did me a service; more power to your elbow! take care of yourself, allanna!"

And then, with a series of winks and nods, the soldier passed on up the valley, leaving Montana considerably astonished.

"Is it truth, or a drunken fancy?" he questioned.

"All right."

Carelessly the two strolled off in the direction of the shanty, opened the door and entered, closing the door after them.

CHAPTER XXV. THE HOLLOW TREE.

The sallow figure of the Irishman had hardly disappeared before Lige Hallowell came round the lower bend of the gulch.

The appearance of the tall form of his partner recalled to Montana's mind the threat of the girl.

"My friends shall fall from me, eh?" he muttered, "and the first one will be Hallowell, I presume. Already this tawny siren has cast her spell upon him. I don't blame the man, though, for she is a glorious woman; few in this world to equal her. How the deuce did she find out anything about Mercedes? Are our names already coupled together in the gossip of the town? I have striven to keep away from her but she seeks me persistently. Is she in love with me? She does not act sometimes as a girl should act toward the man she loves, and if she does not love me why does she seek me? Ah! these women are riddles past the comprehension of the wisest man."

The near approach of Hallowell put an end to the muttered meditations of the miner.

The tall son of the State of Maine was evi-

dently laboring under considerable excitement, for he had hurried up the gulch as fast as his legs could carry him, without really running.

"Say, Montana, something's up!" he cried.

"How so?"

"You know that imp of a greeny—post-of-fice greeny?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's skulking round down in the gulch below in a 'tarnal mysterious manner. I seed him afore he see'd me, an' he were a gallopin' up an' down a-lookin' at the trees an' mutterin' to himself jest as if he had gone crazy. Then he happen'd to ketch sight of me, an' the way he dive into the bush was a caution."

"Well, that was queer."

"Yas, and then I just slid into the bush, jest out of curiosity, you know, to see what the critter was arter."

"And did you discover?"

"Nary a disker," Hallowell replied, laconically.

"No?"

"No sir, hoss-fly! Jest as the galoot poked his head out of the brush, as if he was watching that nobody was watching him, along come Miss Campbell and he dusted in ag'in. Say!" ejaculated Hallowell, suddenly, "what in thunder did you say to the gal? She looked as mad as a hornet when she went down the gulch."

"Oh, nothing in particular," answered Montana.

"If it ain't pushing you too hard—what did she want, anyway?" asked Hallowell, abruptly, all his Eastern curiosity aroused.

"Her father wants to buy the Little Montana mine," Montana answered, quietly.

"I p'see you said no, of course?"

"That is my answer to everybody; I don't wish to sell the mine."

"But, partner, don't you think that we could make a good thing of it?" Hallowell asked, after a little pause.

"Let well enough alone—that's my motto!"

"Well, you've got more backbone to you than I have; I reckon that if that splendiferous critter had axed me to sell I shouldn't have had the grit to refuse."

"It's rather late in the day for any woman to twist me round her finger," Montana observed, with scorn on his lip.

"I reckon though that you wouldn't be quite so stiff about it if it had been Mercedes instead of this one, hey?" Hallowell remarked, smiling.

"What makes you think so?" Montana was not pleased, as was plainly evident from his face.

"Kinder guessed it, that's all," Hallowell replied, with a good-natured snicker. "Oh, it ain't a bit of use for you to try to get out of it. All Deadwood knows that that ain't any other man in the town stands any chance with Mercedes while a chap about your size is around."

This confident declaration did not tend to improve Montana's temper.

"Deadwood might find more profit in attending to its own business," he observed, "than troubling itself about my affairs."

"I reckon that you're the captain of Mercedes' Own," Hallowell added, facetiously, "and it ain't of any use for you to try to deny the fact."

"Well, I sha'n't attempt it then. I don't care what they say about myself, but it can't be pleasant for the girl, particularly when there's no truth in the story."

In answer Hallowell put his tongue in his cheek and winked significantly.

"Too thin?" Montana queried.

"Oh, yes! you can't pull the wool over my eyes in that way, you know. Gosh all hemlock! Do you suppose that any mortal man, that ain't a fool, will believe that air gal travellin' all the way up the West Gulch to the Little Montana mine, jest for the fun of the thing? Why, it ain't in the nature



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Sunshine Papers.

The Empress' Laces.

It was announced that some laces, made expressly for the Empress Eugenie, were on exhibition in town. How the news flew through all the woman-world, and what a fluttering of feminine hearts there was, and what a wagging of feminine tongues! How Eugenie's name, like a shuttlecock, was flung to and fro from the battlements of female mouths, and what a canvassing of her foibles, her history, her past, present and future, took place! It was enough to make one wonder if this same Eugenie looked, or acted, or ate, or slept, or drew her breath, like any other woman; and if she was the only creature in petticoats who ever wore laces—for every one must see her laces! Oh! yes; and such a time as there was! Mrs. Tutticott tore a yard or two of fringe off her gown, in her haste to hail the first car for Stewart's, and Miss Lilly White actually went without her breakfast, for fear she would not get there early enough to avoid the crowd, and have a good chance to admire the laces as worshipfully as it was becoming she should anything that had ever been connected with the great Eugenie.

Poor Eugenie! I wonder if you would not smile, if you could know how lace-mad the women of Gotham have gone over these fairy fabrics that you ordered in those riotous, feverish days before the Empire tottered to its fall, and you and yours were forced to flee into exile. But it is our way, Eugenie—the way of Americans—to turn wild with excitement over any little bit of foreignness that comes to our shores. No matter how much better we have at home, we adore that which comes from abroad with a supreme self-abasement and ridiculous indiscrimination, that

make us a byword and laughing-stock with more self-loyal nations.

Not that I would censure any one for desiring to see these wonderful laces, nor would I intimate that ever their like was brought to America before. They are certainly exquisite; as are the elegant articles displayed in the same cases. All are well worth seeing; not because they were made for the Empress Eugenie, but for their own intrinsic worth. Those who love the beautiful, and appreciate the truly artistic, must enjoy intensely a half-hour before these marvels of thread—perfect works of art, as they are, in their pattern and execution.

The world is far better controlled than it would be if you or I governed it.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Things Lying Around.

I HAVE often noticed as I go along through life, on a free pass, that there are a great many people whose occupation seems to be general carelessness, and letting things lie around. It is one of the easiest trades to learn in the world, and I might observe, just here, that I am a journeymen in the business myself, with a good recommendation, too, which will pass anywhere. In fact I am such a proficient in it that I have concluded to start giving instructions, and my scholars can divide the money they make at it with me.

Your motto should be, "Always leave an article where you last used it."

The diligent farmer should leave his plow and harrow and rakes out in the field for many reasons. The rains will wash the dirt off, and make them clean; a coating of rust will form on the iron-work which will be a protection to it. It will save all the trouble in bringing the articles to the barn, and then in the spring the winter snow on them forms a protection from the sun, and what more could you ask?

The coal-scuttle should be left at night at the foot of the stairs, then you will always know just where to find it, and not have to go hunting around in the dark after it. You'll find it without any difficulty. You won't miss it in jumping down-stairs. You put your right foot down on the opposite edge, and as it goes over you sit down on it, with your head gently reclining on the last step. If the scuttle is any kind of a good scuttle it will not be injured by the performance.

Always leave the door of your room half-open at night, so you can easily tell just where it is without much trouble, and when you go to hunt it you hold your hands wide out so they will pass on either side of it, without any difficulty, and your sagacious nose will readily scent it. The door will not be damaged at all unless you kick a panel out of it.

You can cultivate the habit of lying around the house yourself, to eminent advantage; it will come handy in case you come in lately. You can lie about the house when the assessors come around, too.

The rocking-chair, from the peculiar construction of its rockers, is especially adapted to be left sitting in the middle of the floor, and at night you won't have to search very much for it. You can step on one of the rockers behind, and the chair will come right up to you without any delay, you won't have to feel for it, for in a manner it feels for you, and discovers you; then again, the rockers come up about as high as your shin, and there is not much chance of missing it. If you run against it and go over it with you need not get excited, for there will be no danger of it getting away from you, at all. One leg will be between the rungs, and one of your arms through one of its arms, and depend upon it, it will be entirely safe from running off. I have found the rocking-chair so quick in this manner that I couldn't tell for some minutes which was the rocking-chair and which was me.

The gate is one of the handiest things to leave open in the world. It is so easily done; the best season for this kind of enjoyment is in garden time. It is very successful, and especially so when you have too many vegetables in the garden. You look out and notice it, and if it has stood open long enough, you shut it; then you look out back and see the pigs, which you chase around to the gate, which is shut, and as the pigs won't stay there till you come and open it, they take around the house again, affording elegant exercise to you which perhaps you would not otherwise procure, to such an extent, at least.

The step-ladder certainly is one of the first steps of civilization, yet nothing could be more modest and unassuming. It is an excellent thing to stand in the middle of the kitchen-floor when you are hunting a match. You stumble against it as gently as possible, and the meek thing won't stand and dispute your passage, it would far rather give way and retire; you retire over with it, and then its legs flap back over your head; and if you want to wrestle with it you will find yourself so tangled up in steps, straps, cross-bars, etc., that it will be one of the oddest positions you were ever in, and court-plaster is very cheap by the yard.

Perhaps the most valuable article which you can leave lying around are bills of bills, not clean, nice new bills—you need not be so particular as that; old ones will answer well enough. Nothing looks nicer than greenbacks on the floor; no matter if they do look like an old patch on the carpet; they relieve the monotony. \$100 bills are the nicest to leave around, and they look decidedly better than holes in the carpet at any time. People will delight to call on your family. Your country relations would be induced to come and spend a few moments at your house, and your neighbors might be induced to drop in once in a while to borrow a couple of eggs or a cup of coffee.

About the liveliest things which you can have lying over the floor are tacks. They are only five cents a paper, but you get more animation for the money than in anything else. It takes a servant-girl to distribute them correctly, and she knows her business. They materially assist in getting the tightest pair of boots on in a jiffy. They are easily drawn with a claw-hammer, and are not half so bad as a ten-penny nail in your foot, by any means.

You should not allow your neighbor's hem to lay around your premises, however. You should try to discourage them by taking the eggs out of their nests; if that does no good, just keep it up and let them suffer with their losses.

Wives should always set their pans of bread on a chair on the stove, where a husband could conveniently sit down on them without the bother of hunting around for them. They are as soft as a cushion, and like Truth crushed to earth, are bound to rise again.

The boot-jack is the most unpretentious of all articles of furniture, and differs in many respects from a portable wardrobe. In walking over the floor in your stockings you manage, if you are a good stepper, to step on the raised end of it, and it flops up, but your shin prevents it from flopping too far—if it was not for your shin there is no telling just where the thing might go. It is handier than a sewing-

machine, because a machine won't pull off your boots.

One of the most enticing of things is to have the lamp accurately placed in the room so you have to go feeling around for it before the moon gets up. You can always catch it before it reaches the floor—if you have your hands right under it. In a smash the wick is never injured, and that is something.

For pleasure leave your letters lying around. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "La Morgue;" "Ida;" "Shackled;" "Only a Word;" "A Moral Lesson;" "Nelly;" "Justice or Injustice?" "Women's Woe;" "The Slave's Home;" "How He Came to Propose;" "At Six Month's;" "Old Mr. Etheridge's Wife;" "Bricktop;" "A Mother's Love;" "A Dream;" "Edith Valrose."

N. N. H. MS. good but cannot use it. No stamps per notication.

JULIA A. M. Can make no use of the songs. No stamps enclosed for reply.

CHAR. K. Your story is very crude. Don't try to write yet awhile. Go to school, if possible.

MATILDA. Wrote by mail. You can send on the poem named if you desire so do.

DASH. We cannot be bothered to give the whys and wherefores of a MS. rejected.

BEST. Much as a poem would be useless in your own MS., because so imperfect as copy. Your life experience certainly has been remarkable. HUGERT H. D. Shall we use poem, "Sub Crumem," as suggested, or shall we destroy copy?

ILLITERATE POOR BOY. Contribution is excellent in spirit but so defective as "copy" that we cannot use it. Stick to study, even if you are poor, or at work a trade.

S. J. B. Submit your MS. through the usual mode of sending it for examination. No stamp for reply. We never answer by mail unless stamps are remitted.

FRANKE. Write to Sheldon & C. publishers, in regard to Whittaker's Life of Custer. Our paper is three dollars per year. You write very fair and are large for your age.

SARGENT BUSTER. We have stories of the kind you name in Bradlee's Dime Catalogue will be sent on application. English names in French and Spanish are unchanged.

EDITH M. Rochester. We know of no opening for female telegraph operators. The supply of operators is now so excessive that we question if one in ten ever can obtain employ. Only the most skillful and enterprising are selected. Salaries are about \$15 to \$20 per week.

VASSAR. Corridor North. Your "diversion" was harmless enough, but we don't see the fun in such escapades. They are not lady-like. A teacher has had a hard time of it to become the target of too practical jokes. The order given by Miss Terry was improper, nor too severe. It was quite the contrary. Take our advice and write not any more.

HARRY MAPFLOWER. The best preparation for the stage is a liberal education and a thorough familiarity with authors. As to the mere act of acting it is a talent of itself. It can be acquired to some degree by great actors like Talma, Garrick, Siddons, Kean, Kemble, Booth, Macready, Cushman and Rachel must be like a great poet, "born, not made."

GEORGE D. L. Oll Coomes' first story in the SATURDAY JOURNAL was "Hawkeye Harry." He writes by day and sleeps at night. The exertion you talk of may be said would expedite a valuable literary development. Smoking is a very undesirable habit for one so young as you. Call for Dick and Fitzgerald's Book of Sports and Gymnastics for the best and most approved methods of practice. Send to Frank and Snyder, N.Y.

CAPITAL BOY. There are cases of dissimilar religious faith, but usually they end miserably for both parties. Where husband and wife cannot harmonize fully better may have married at all. When children come into the scene, it is the right of religious control—that usually comes the heart-sore trouble that make the marriage unfortunate.

MARY M. Glad to know you enjoy the papers—Choose for best scented pot-plants the white or clove pink and mimosa.—The silver-leaved geranium means recall. Send it if you want your friend to come again. If you will accept the ring and green bracelet, send it at once "made a Mason." She continued to take an active part in the order throughout her life, having founded the Lin Benevolent Institution for Orphans. Daughters of Masons, and her portrait still hangs in a principal lodge-room in Cork, and under it in a glass case the Masonic apron and jewel she used to wear.

It was curiosity which led Hon. Mrs. Aldworth to herself in a Masonic lodge and discover the secrets of the craft; the story of the "lady in the clock-case" being by no means apocryphal, as even the generality of Masons themselves are inclined to treat it. It is simply an historical fact that the lady just mentioned did so herself, and, further, that when discovered she at once "made a Mason." She continued to take an active part in the order throughout her life, having founded the Lin Benevolent Institution for Orphans. Daughters of Masons, and her portrait still hangs in a principal lodge-room in Cork, and under it in a glass case the Masonic apron and jewel she used to wear. Whether curiosity will ever incite another lady to attempt to elude the vigilance of the "liver" remains to be seen; but it may be taken for granted that men who, perhaps, are really as much creatures of curiosity as those to whom they specially attribute this weakness, will continue to be influenced by it to join the mystic fraternity.

The hard times are especially hard on the magazine editors, some of whom receive double the number of MSS. they were accustomed to receive three years ago. *Scribner's Monthly*, for instance, received 1,100 in '74, 1,840 in '75, in '76, 1,749; in '77, 1,720; in '78, 2,075; in '79, 2,426, and in '80, 3,200. The increase is in some part due to the increased circulation of the new monthly, but that the other is a leading cause is shown by the number of piteous letters which accompany MSS., generally the poorest. People will not learn that it is their writings and not themselves that are considered by the MSS. thus sent. Scarcely more than one in thirty is acceptable, since the body of a magazine must be made up with articles contributed by known writers. Yet there is great joy in a magazine sanctum when a happy editor MS. the evidence of a promising new writer. At the Head establishment Miss A. L. O. E. stands for "A Lady of England." The name of the "lady" is Charlotte Tucker. Grace Greenwood's real name is Mrs. Sara Lippincott. She has lived with her husband for many years. If you are the eldest or only daughter you write Miss Jones. If you are the second or third, add your baptismal name, as: Miss Lizzie Jones.—Violets may be worn, lilies-of-the-valley, white and pink primroses, or any flowers in white, blue, pale pink, or lavender.

MAMIE writes: "Will you please inform me what is the best cold water treatment for teeth that are naturally inclined to decay? What is the best way to keep them healthy? Clean the teeth at least five times a day. At rising and retiring, but throwing himself forward on his face struck out for the brink of the cataract. Just below the eye end there was a small cascade, through which he passed. When he emerged, his hat was off, and a moment later he had gained a foothold in the ranks and stood waist-deep in the foaming water." The guide was by this time at Prospect Point, whither he had hastened in the hope of being able to reach the man. The stranger, standing in the rapids, instantly struck out again, swimming lustily out further from the shore, and successfully placing himself beyond the aid of the man on the bank. He clasped his hands over his head and went down to his death. This suicide is as extraordinary as that of the Canadian chemist, near Detroit, who two days before had ended his life in order to test the efficacy of a resurrection powder.

The Indian relics discovered by the Rev. J. G. Gee in a mound near Davenport, Iowa, continue to excite discussion. They consist of tablets of dark-colored slate, with pictorial engravings, one of which represents a figure holding a sacrifice, around which a dance is taking place; twenty-two stars and the sun and moon are also shown, and there are two lines of written language in unknown characters. On the reverse of the tablet, which is rather less than a foot square, and about 1 1/2 inches thick, there are sketches of men, several quadrupeds, including two mastodons, some birds and trees. Another tablet has a dial with four concentric circles, within which are marked the four cardinal points and twelve equidistant characters supposed to represent the signs of the zodiac. There is no doubt that these relics were found along with human remains among layers of shell, in a mound. If put there for the purpose of imposture they have been skillfully placed. All authorities agree that if the relics are genuine they are by far the most important archaeological treasures yet found in this country.

VIRGINIA A. writes: "Will you tell a few of us school-girls what you think about the use of slang? There is quite a division of sentiment among us. Some say that there is no harm in the use of slang; some that it is vulgar; some draw a line between 'low' and 'pleasant' slang. We're agreed to be guided by your advice concerning its use; and if you condemn its use, or the use of any particular class of slang, we are going to form an Anti-Slang Society." Every girl to forfeit a cent to our treasury department for every time she is heard to use a slang expression. The amount will be sent, at the end of each month, to some charitable institution. What do you think of our plan? And please advise us whether we think your plan an excellent one; and if so, we'd advise its adoption by boarding-school girls, and girls generally throughout the country; and we hope it will prove effectual in correcting the conversational improprieties of many otherwise charming girls. We do condemn slang absolutely. It is vulgar. There is a choice of words in English, and English is good enough to admit of every student speaking beautifully and vividly without misuse of words or addition of slang. There is nothing more charming in a young lady than to speak her own language with purity and elegance.

137 Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All advertisements in our columns stand on their own merit. We in no way endorse them. We insert none that we think are objectionable.

SHACKLED.

BY FRANK M. IMBIE.

Shackled! Ay, shackled hands that yearn to clasp
In life's blossoms! Clasp'd and thron'd my own;
Shackled, the lily that's long to kiss
The ones that quiver at thy touch alone!

Shackled, the human of thy nature's gold;

Shackled, the nobler impulse of the mind;

And I, poor prisoner, did but work anew!

The old, old lesson given to all mankind.

Ay, bending 'neath a weight I scarce could bear!

I put the shackles on thy outstretched hands;

But did I take one sip of Cirenean-glow?

No, mine lay shattered, wine-spilled, at its side!

I dared not look; I heard the cruel click

That lividly shrankles round a heart;

I dash'd the pause, for even a drop

Seemed dripping from a life, myself a part.

Why? Because I loved thee so—dear one!

I bade thee garner wandering thoughts within;

I needed not the plea of eyes or words

Because I knew that loving was a sin.

* * * * *

Shackled! Ay, worse than this art thou beloved!

For I but prolonged passion's frenzied flight

While binding firm the full-fledged hawk of Wrong

I set at large the snow-winged dove of Right.

I would unfetter every sin-hold power

That chains that giant intellect sublime;

Wake into life the mind that cold control;

A nation's issues, if that field were thine.

I give each attribute a living soul

Of life, of love, of death, of soul;

I'd place my dear redeemed on some high mount,

A god, a man, yet all unspotted, whole!

I'd hear a world tell of his perfectness—

Ring with a thousand tongues his mighty fame,

Whilst my, I should know a sweet content

With one word, "darling!" dear remembrance-

name.

Then, love, beside the grave of conquered sin

We'll break those shackles, formed in one blast

hour.

And then I'll kiss your dear, tired, loving eyes,

Why? Because I love thee so, my dearest,

I mean to let one shackle off thy brain;

Because I love thee so, my own true heart;

I shackle sin so that mayst victor reign!

America's Commodores.

RICHARD DALE.

BY CAPT. JAMES MCKENZIE.

DALE, Preble, Bainbridge, Barry, Chauncy, Rodgers, are all honored names in our early naval history—are the "fathers," in fact, of our present naval establishment, which came into existence by the act of 1794, to meet menacing dangers. The infant Republic then began to feel its strength; and to assert its power on the high seas became both a necessity of protection to its commerce, and a matter of pride, honor, and self-respect. It was among the seamen just the qualities requisite for a naval service, and secured heroes for commanders—among whom Dale, the old lieutenant of Paul Jones, was not the least conspicuous.

Richard Dale, was born near Norfolk, Virginia, Nov. 16th, 1756, of humble parentage, and went to sea at the early age of twelve, in a vessel commanded by one of his uncles. When the war of the Revolution broke out it found young Dale mate of a large brig. That war drove colonial commerce from the high seas, and Dale entered the Virginia Coast Guard as lieutenant, early in 1776, only to be soon captured by a tender to the English frigate Liverpool and taken a prisoner into Norfolk. There he was persuaded by an old friend to enter the English service, and in a hot engagement with the Coast Guard boats, May, was severely wounded by a musket-ball on the head. This laid him up for several weeks and resulted in a resolve never to again run against the vessels of his own countrymen.

Going on a trip to the Bermudas, (July, 1776), in a little coaster, he was overhauled by the Continental cruiser, Lexington, commanded by Captain John Barry—afterward to become commodore in our first national navy. The capture threw the sailor among his countrymen again. He at once volunteered, and Barry had him rated midshipman. Barry left the Lexington soon after, and under Captain Hallock she was captured by an English frigate, (Dec., 1776), and Dale, with three or four others, was taken to the frigate—the rest of the officers and crew being left on the Lexington, to be run into Norfolk, that very night, and the prisoners rose on the prize crews, recross'd their vessel, and ran her into Baltimore in safety.

Dale was soon exchanged, and rejoined the Lexington at Baltimore, under Captain Henry Johnston. She sailed with dispatches to our agents in France, (March, 1777). Reaching Bordeaux, the Lexington joined the "squadron" of Captain Lambert Wickes—consisting of two little vessels, and with them performed the bold feat of running entirely around Ireland, greatly to the consternation of English ship-owners.

But, the daring cruisers were run into a French port by a line of battle-ship, and France, then at peace with England, was compelled to sequester the American "pirates," as the British were fond of calling the vessels flying the American flag, until the successes of that flag forced a respect from a dogmatic and insolent foe.

The Lexington, however, by an arrangement, put to sea again, in September, but soon fell in with the English man-of-war Alert. A very severe fight followed, when, having much crippled his antagonist, Captain Johnston tried to escape, but was overhauled; a second fight of an hour's duration ensued, and only after the Lexington had thrown her very last shot, did she surrender.

Dale and his companions were borne to England and incarcerated in Mill Prison, where they were shamefully treated, under threats of trial for "high treason"—the same brutality shown to John Allen and his companions incarcerated in Plymouth. Captain Johnston and his associate followers escaped in February, by boring under one of the walls, but, after various adventures, Dale and his one companion were recaptured on a vessel bound for Dunkirk.

He was returned to his old prison, and for forty days was kept in the Black Hole, and otherwise treated with cruel severity.

A whole year he bore this brutal infliction, and then being supplied, by some friend whose name he never would divulge, with a full suit of British uniform and money, he safely passed the guards and made his second escape, reaching France undetected.

Paul Jones was then preparing a squadron for his celebrated descent on the British coast, and Dale proceeded to O'rient, where the vessels were being fitted. Jones at once made him his master's mate, but discovering the capacity and mettle of the man, had him commissioned first lieutenant in his own ship, the Bon Homme Richard, just before sailing.

To Dale was committed the leadership in the astoundingly bold attempt to seize the town of

* See Life of Admiral Paul Jones, in Beadle's Dime Biographical Library—a very romantic and most entertaining volume—in which this cruise of the Bon Homme Richard and her most terrible fight with the Serapis is told in detail.

Leith and wrest from it and Edinburg a heavy ransom. As Dale was then but twenty-three years of age, his assignment to the position shows that his courage and capacity must have been unquestioned. The audacious project was, at the very moment of its execution, by a severe squall, which turned to a gale and drove the American squadron out to sea for its preservation.

In the memorable fight between the Bon Homme Richard and the English gun ship, Serapis (Sept. 19th, 1779), Dale bore almost a commander's part. Indeed, as the second lieutenant had been sent off in the pilot-boat to board a vessel, just before the Serapis and her consort hove in sight, and the third lieutenant had been captured in a small boat off the coast of Ireland, there were no directing officers on the American flag-ship but Jones and Dale. If Jones had been disabled, his young lieutenant must have been sole master of the ship in the terrific night combat. As it was, he held sole or chief command on the gun-deck, and so fought his guns as to do terrible execution, and won the two vessels, lying side by side, poured shot into each other, almost touching distance, the old hull of the Richard was literally riddled and began to fill. Dale therupon put his one hundred English prisoners at work at the pumps, and while the awful moonlight duel raged, with a constantly decreasing number of guns, the ship was saved from going down by Dale's decision and resolute bearing in making English subjects indirectly contribute to victory over their own flag.

When, after over two hours' fighting, news was passed down to the gun-deck that the Serapis had struck, Dale ascended to the main-deck and beheld the Englishman's flag down, although his lower guns were still firing. Dale at once sought and received permission to prize the ship. He sprang aboard the Serapis by swinging himself over with the pendant of a severed lance hanging from the enemy's main-yard over the Richard's deck. Only Captain Pierson, commander of the Serapis, was on the deck, where he had struck his flag. As the Richard had wholly ceased firing, the first lieutenant of the enemy came up from his gun-deck, asking if the American had struck. "No, sir," answered Dale: "it is this ship that has struck, and you are my prisoner." The lieutenant was incredulous, but Pierson confirmed the announcement, and Dale ordered both officers to pass over, at once, to the Richard, before the guns below were silenced. A prize crew was quickly transferred to the Serapis' deck, and the battle was ended.

The Richard then worked clear of her prize, and Dale in command of the conquest was ordered to follow. Both ships were in a frightful condition—almost literally honeycombed—and half the crew were dead.

The old Richard was on fire as well as sinking, but all night long detachments from the other ships fought the fire and manned the pumps, and all the next day and succeeding night, in the vain endeavor to carry the old wreck to port; but she was doomed, and at ten o'clock on the 25th she went down, at the scene of combat off Flamborough Head, on the English coast. Jones then rigged jury-masts in the Serapis and slowly worked his way, in her, to the Texel roadstead.

Dale remained with Jones as his first-lieutenant, in his succeeding career, and returned with him, in the Ariel, reaching Philadelphia Feb. 18th, 1781. He went with Captain Nicholson, in the Trumbull, a 28-gun ship, which encountered three English ships, on the night of Aug. 5th, 1781, off the capes of the Delaware, and after an hour's bloody fight surrendered, to two of the enemy. He was again slightly wounded and was taken to New York, paroled and exchanged.

No more vessels being available, in the American service, Dale obtained a furlough and joined, as first officer, the fine letter of marque Queen of France, of twelve guns, and soon succeeded to the command. In the spring of 1782 he took the Queen of France, and a short engagement with an English privateer of fourteen guns, when both sailed away, badly cut up. He returned to Philadelphia in February, 1783. Peace following, he was disbanded, and entered the merchant service, in which he was very successful.

Such a man could not, however, be permitted to remain in the merchant marine. By the law of 1794 he was one of six captains to supervise the construction of six frigates to fight the Algerines, but the troubles with those corsairs being temporarily arranged, the frigates were not needed, and Dale was put on furlough. He returned to his China trade, in his own fine ship, the Ganges, which the Government purchased, in 1798, armed and gave to Dale to cruise off the coast, in view of impending war with France. One fellow tried it and I cured him. They've been mighty polite ever since.

Is that all? I am, looking at Will at once, who has made a successful voyage of discovery. "Shoot me if I ain't got a notion of trying it. I'm getting too big for this job. How did you get a place?"

"I asked for it, and wouldn't take no for an answer. I just captured it."

"You're the chap for that," said Joe, admiringly. "Wish you'd work me in somewhere. You must be getting to know folks."

"I'll work for you," answered Will. "It's about time you was giving up this trade. You're well posted about town yourself, Joe."

"Not among business folks. Know a good deal about downtowners. Ain't many crabs I haven't been in or smelt out."

"I used to know the shady places all over town."

"So do I," said Joe, with an eager display of knowledge. "I've been there. Could lay my hand on half the burglars in town, and all the fences."

"Bet I could name some that would stump you."

"Bet you couldn't," said Joe.

"I'll go ten cents I can."

"I'll cover it," said Joe, producing a piece of soiled currency of that value. "But you ain't go on all day. Won't give you but three chances."

"That's square," said Will. "Let's see now. Where's Ned Hogan's Retreat?"

"Shippin' below Second, and one chance sold cheap," said Joe triumphantly.

"It's where I'm the Tinker's crib. Think I've got you there."

"Not by a jug full," cried Joe, with an eager laugh. "It's on Beach street above Brown. Guess I'll raise down them tens."

"You're pretty well posted, Joe," said Will, with a reflective pause. "Calculate to throw you on the next, though."

"Tain't in the wood," said Joe, confidently.

"It's a namesake of yours. You ought to know your own relations. Where's Black-eyed Joe's Mill?"

Will gazed at him triumphantly, as Joe sat scratching his head with an air of reflection.

"That's my cash," he said.

"Hold up," said Joe. "Give a feller time to think. I don't know him by that name. But I've got a notion I could nail him. Ain't goin' to give up the bet till it's settled."

"Who's the man you're thinking of?"

"Not by a jug full," said the latter, who had approached on seeing Will rise. "They've all lambs by the side of the house. What's your luck?"

"Four foxes," said Will, pointing to the gate. "There's their hole," he continued.

He indicated a window in the second story, in which a light had just appeared. A curtain inside came down to within an inch of the bottom.

"Want to follow it up?" asked Joe.

"If it's in the wood."

"Let's shin it up that shed, then. We can climb like squirrels. It's risky, but if there's anything in it we ain't afraid of risk."

"I'm your hoss," said Will's sententious answer.

There was no one in the street just then. The shed came down nearly to the fence. Climbing to Will's shoulders, Joe was in an instant on top of the fence. In a second more he was stretched flat on the floor.

This evolution was not so easy for Will. He had nobody's shoulders to climb from. After looking round irresolutely for a moment, a bold thought came into his head.

He opened the gate a crack and glanced into the yard. It was empty.

Not a second lost Will. A barrel stood beside the fence. One quick leap and he was on top. A light squirming motion and he was flat on the shed.

Joe had meanwhile crept to the window and was looking in.

"What luck?" whispered Will, as his companion dropped his head.

"Bully!" replied Joe, in a like tone. "The whole four are in, and Joe Prime with them. Jist worm up this way, and take a squat."

CHAPTER XVII.
GUARDIAN AND WARD.

JENNIE ARLINGTON's sorrow had worn off, and had been replaced by a sentiment of anger and bitterness.

"That a man like John Elton should be seized as a common felon, a man of the purest character and unstained reputation to be thrown into prison on a bare suspicion, seemed an utter outrage.

She was in no mood to appreciate the reasons for this arrest, or to consider the very dubious position in which his refusal to explain placed him. She was looking at his character with eyes of love, and it vexed her that the world was blind to what seemed so evident to her.

She was angry with her guardian with the officer, with Mr. Wilson, with every party concerned.

Even the unoffending boy shared in this resentment. She would have taken it from her dressing-table and trampled it under foot, but on looking at it was gone.

This discovery increased her resentment. Mr. Leonard, then, had entered her room, possessed

of himself of her lover's last gift to her, and intended to use it with the hope of convicting him of robbery.

She had been pale and drooping these last few days. He had desisted from asking the cause.

He knew it too well, and shrunk from an encounter with grief which he could not relieve.

To-day she was red and blooming, and he

JENNIE'S YEAS AND NAYS.

BY MARC DE ROLFE.

I asked Jennie would she marry me;
She promptly said me nay,
And then I went my way,
Thinking none worth my care for me.

But Miss Jessie one day said to me,
When we were all alone,
I had a stranger grown;
And she, blushing, shook her head at me.

"This is madness, girl. Go where? What is to become of you? Who is to take care of you?"

"I am not friendless, sir. I can find refuge with people who will consider me before their own self-interest."

"You must not, you shall not act like a spoiled child!" said, vigorously. "I never thought that you would accuse me of lack of interest in you. I have done much for you, far more than you know or conjecture. If you knew all you would not treat me so."

"If I knew all! What is there for me to know?"

"I cannot tell you now, Jennie. I have been more a friend to you than you imagine, and it pains me to have you turn on me in this way."

"This is a new mystery, Mr. Leonard," replied Jennie. "I cannot engage to be grateful for something I never heard of, and do not seem likely to hear of. I know you only as my guardian, the custodian of my money left by my father. You are a kind and considerate to an unruly child, I admit. But you are in this case neither kind nor considerate."

"I am more than your guardian," he replied.

"There is a secret connected with your life which I have been charged to reveal when you come of age."

"A secret! A disgraceful secret!" she cried. "How could I, a child, have incurred any disgrace? What is this secret? I am not afraid of it. These half-revelations are tenfold worse than silence. Does it affect my father?"

"Your father. He was an honorable man. There is no whisper against him."

"My father—rephrasing this as if he was not my father—I demand to know what you can by these immodestous. It is not fair, sir, to revenge yourself on my just indignation by such an insinuation as this."

"I have said too much, Jennie. More than I thought of saying at this time. I withdraw it all."

"Withdraw!" she cried, with a scornful accent.

"You cannot withdraw a storm that has been let loose. Silence now is worse than the truth. What am I to think of such language? Who is my father and what has he done to disgrace me? I must have an answer."

"I did not speak of disgrace. There are misfortunes that are no disgrace."

"What misfortune, then?"

"I will say no more now. I have said too much already. Some day when you are cooler, and will not think me revengeful I will tell you what I allude."

"And meanwhile leave me to miserable conjectures," she said, sinking wearily in her chair.

"You have no occasion for it. Dismiss this matter from your mind for the present. But you must give up your foolish idea of leaving my house."

"You have driven me to it," she said, flushing up again.

"You are blinding yourself now, Jennie, and wronging me."

"I don't know. I don't know anything!" she cried, passionately. "I only know that my lover is in prison, that he is innocent, and that you have placed him there. I know no more, and can bear no more now."

With a hasty movement she rose and left the room, her face haunting him with its pain and reproach.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 365.)

BY THE SEA

BY WILL R. CISCA.

I wandered alone by the sad, sad sea,
By the restless sea, by the storm-tossed sea,
And thought of the years which had hurried by
Since its crest had kissed the door of the sky.

Oh, cruel sea! oh, beautiful sea!
True are the stories you tell unto me,
Through thy angry murmurings, thy far-fetched
ed moans.

Bespeaking thy terrors in unearthly tones,
On sun-kissed sea, on treacherous seas!
How many lives hath been given to thee!
How many forms of death wrought with life!
Hath been snatched at thee with hands so
rife!

Oh, passionate sea! oh, death-like sea!
Oh, far-sweeping billows, so haughty, so free!
Will the day ever dawn when with tenderness
Thou it give up thy dead, and ask redress?

The Red Cross:
on,
The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland.
A STORY OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LEARNING LOVE OF LOVE.

It was well over the afternoon when Herman entered the drawing-room at Colonel Valrose's handsome house in Lexington avenue, bearing to Cordelia Colonel Valrose's request.

Sixteen hours had passed since he had parted from her in the Hippodrome, sending her to protect her invalid mother while he bore to some unknown asylum her two fathers, the long-loved but only would-be one, and the stranger who was her real one.

The blow struck, and by Herman's advice and aid; how would she meet him, now that she had had time for the speechless sufferings of the reaction? Now that she had seen her idolized mother fainting and writhing under the anguish of the inexplicable circumstances of the past night, and the secret of the secret that had leapt into her own heart with its dim and blinding light before it; now that she saw herself stripped of all the honor, wealth and pleasure that makes life agreeable to the modern woman, and committed to poverty, obscurity and secret shame, as the sole staff and stay of her hapless mother?

She had nobly refused to count on the Warren-Guilderland fortune as long as Griffith Thetford, and after him, Jonas Kercheval, lived. She knew that Colonel Valrose's money, what he had of it, belonged by right to Margaret and not to Madeline, and that Jonas Kercheval had none to offer Madeline with—that he was only prevented from claiming Madeline as Valrose claimed Margaret by his poverty and madness; how would Cordelia meet the stranger who had brought all this to pass?

Stay—there was yet an outlet for Cordelia! Need for her to immolate herself on the altar of filial devotion; no need for her to suffer fear and poverty by her mother's side; a door stood widely open for her escape, she had but to pass through into distinction and wealth.

Griffith Thetford wished to marry her.

A curious frown settled upon Berthold's brow as he thus mused; he rose uneasily and paced the length of the apartment, turning the new idea over in his mind with a discontent that any change in his own circumstances, however disastrous, could have caused him.

Unaware of Adalgisa's last stroke of business, and only remembering Cordelia's ignorance of Thetford's secret affliction and the crime Gaylure supposed him to have committed, recalling the pleasant youth and beauty of the heir-at-law—"what," thought he, "could be more natural? She will marry him now if she would have refused him before; she is but a helpless lady, unaccustomed to the struggle for subsistence; what else can she do?"

With the frown still on his face he heard a rustle behind him; Cordelia was here, holding out two hands with her own proud yet child-like smile.

"Well?" said the philosopher, as inconsequently as any other man whose sense had been bedazzled by a charming woman. We meant to say: "Is this kind salutation, this confounding approach, that beautiful and seductive smile the expression of your real feelings toward me?" But he only said: "Well?" in his usual curt, straightforward, ringing voice, and his eyes melting from gloom to warmth; and the lady heard the full tone and read the sunny glance,

and suspected not the heart-throb that accompanied them.

When they were seated side by side upon the sofa, regarding her with a keen watch upon her, she answered:

"It is indeed well; I thank God and you, sir;" (this she said with a solemn reverence) "that sat passing well upon her, so that the skeptic felt rather than thought; 'after all, religion seems but an added grace to a woman.' The wind—as our Holy Bible says—has been 'tempered to the shorn lamb' in a manner which I can never express enough gratitude for. My poor mother caught just enough of the fracas last night to lead to the conclusion, aided by my inevitable hesitance in making any explanation of his absence—that Colonel Valrose had been killed by an accident; she has even since in a stupor, which the physicians say she will save both

her soul and the world applaud, and was even more than that that a girl whose life was wrecked by the folly of one who was not even her lover, should still love and cling to him, knowing his offense!

But he said nothing of these thoughts; instead he told her the particulars of the interview between Kercheval and Valrose; ending with Valrose's request that she would grant him a farewell.

"I have said too much, Jennie. More than I thought of saying at this time. I withdraw it all."

"Withdraw!" she cried, with a scornful accent.

"You cannot withdraw a storm that has been let loose. Silence now is worse than the truth. What am I to think of such language? Who is my father and what has he done to disgrace me? I must have an answer."

"I did not speak of disgrace. There are misfortunes that are no disgrace."

"What misfortune, then?"

"I will say no more now. I have said too much already. Some day when you are cooler, and will not think me revengeful I will tell you what I allude."

"And meanwhile leave me to miserable conjectures," she said, sinking wearily in her chair.

"You have no occasion for it. Dismiss this matter from your mind for the present. But you must give up your foolish idea of leaving my house."

"You have driven me to it," she said, flushing up again.

"You are blinding yourself now, Jennie, and wronging me."

"I don't know. I don't know anything!" she cried, passionately. "I only know that my lover is in prison, that he is innocent, and that you have placed him there. I know no more, and can bear no more now."

With a hasty movement she rose and left the room, her face haunting him with its pain and reproach.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 365.)

chosen wife; they loved each other, was not that enough?

"If I were less admirable," Cordelia continued, mournfully; her clear eyes resting in unspeakable love and grief upon him, "if I could question ever so slightly the sincerity of your skepticism; if your life was less noble in its aim and its tenor; if I felt myself more your equal, intellectually and morally, and—loved you less," she faltered in accents he had to strain his ears to catch. "I might, if I was weak and self-indulgent enough, be your wife. But now—you see! Good-by!" And she would have escaped; but he caught her again, and, holding her firmly, cried:

"What can all this do with us? Do you suppose I am fool or madman enough to wish to deprive my wife of her creed, as long as it smooths the roughnesses of her life-path and consoles her sorrows? What if I do believe it a delusion, unworthy the credence of a philosopher? Do I desire philosophy in my wife? Ah! it is her woman's heart I desire, not a fellow student, at home equally with myself among the grave themes which occupy the man of learning. Cordelia, believe me, your objection is no objection at all."

She shook her head mutely; in his passionate clasp and under the loverly fire of his gaze, she felt her heart rising up to obscure the workings of her head. She only answered, "I have repented myself," and then, with a look of remorse, she turned her head and confronted him.

"I am only a woman, whose mind is but the poor little fish-pond compared with the ocean which is yours," she said, low-voiced: "when it comes to argument between us I am dumb. But I have my compensation: I have my convictions, my intuition; without reasoning at all I know just as well as though it had been logically proven that were I to marry you I could never rest in peace in my religious belief until I had the assurance that you also acknowledged a God. Wait!" (for he would have interrupted her with some slight scorn) "—I am no bigot, no slave to any ecclesiastical form, and it would be little to tell what you have worshipped God according to the peculiar need of your own soul, but you would have to worship Him somehow, or else my life would be one long agony. If I loved you less, it would be different," she added, with simple paths.

Herman saw that she was really speaking the unalterable conviction of her soul, that this one point upon which they differed, trifling and visionary as he had deemed it, was a wall between them, wide as earth and high as Heaven. It seemed monstrous to him in that first moment of gallant disappointment that what he had ever thought but a child's fond dream, the Christian Immortal Hope, should have the power to blot the lives of mere people who had otherwise been called together, haloed by no ordinary glory of happiness.

"And for this—this cruel fallacy, you sacrifice yourself and me!" he exclaimed, in bitter scorn. "So cramping is religious fanaticism that it dwarfs even such a spirit as yours—so pitifully self-centered that it outrages the most beautiful impulses of nature! Had I been sagacious enough to affect a faith, you would have been quite satisfied, even had it begun and ended in profession."

"No, no—thousand times no!" she exclaimed, with solemn fervor: "I respect and revere you as you are; it would despise you if, for my sake, for no sake except Truth's, you professed to change your views."

"All the same you would prefer to wed a professor of Christianity, even though he were but a professor, and worshipped your God no more in his heart than I do," retorted he, sardonically.

She made a passionate gesture of dissent, and then, in a sudden access of heart-yearning, she laid her tender hands upon his, and, the great tears trembled on her lashes, cried:

"You are an honest man; you don't willfully reject belief in our God, only you have never turned your attention to that subject. Oh, do now spare a little of your great intellect, and of your time to tell me what you believe you are going to do right through; I know God will tell you half-way, and you shall yet know and confess Him!" And as the young creature spoke the fervid words, the philosopher felt a thrill, for her dilated eye, exalted figure, and vibrating tones, his soul caught the echoes of prophecy. But he laughed bitterly and scoffingly, and turned his face away.

"Meantime," the low, delicate voice went on, while the tender hands tightened their loving clasp, "let us be friends, true, real friends—not as the world holds friendship, an intimacy made up of pleased vanity and convenience; I know I am very ignorant and untried, but I can appreciate you easily," he said, smiling. "There clearances to him if he were a god," and after all, what does the heart want of earthly love beyond sympathy? I could give you that! The reservoir seems to me to be inexhaustible, and you are the one in the world who can draw a single drop of it! At least as pertains to this phase of affection," she went on, dreamily, "I have loved many and many a time, but differently, ah, so differently! To love is indeed a necessity of my nature, and hitherto I have lavished all upon my mother and—him. But you—oh, sir, let me love you in my own way—consecrating my life to you, praying night and day, for a better that is between us to be realized; will you?"

"Adorable woman!" breathed her lover, carried away by her generous enthusiasm, "is it I, to whom your touch is rapture, whom you sue for permission to let you be my friend?" And with tears in his eyes, he reverently pressed her hand to his quivering lips.

They reseated themselves once more, hand in hand, both touched and exalted by the singular purity of their emotions. And the interview at last ended in their closely cementing the bond of a friendship, unique in its divine absence of all base passion, yet warm, true and ardent enough to satisfy the most tropical of natures.

For a moment he was silent, and then, with a smile, "I have never been so fortunate as to have met a woman like you, in a dream; I have loved many and many a time, but differently, ah, so differently! To love is indeed a necessity of my nature, and hitherto I have lavished all upon my mother and—him. But you—oh, sir, let me love you in my own way—consecrating my life to you, praying night and day, for a better that is between us to be realized; will you?"

"Yes—yes—it is true; she loves me, too!" he sighed, his usually calm, self-contained face acquireing the eloquence of profound passion and he held out his eager hands to her, winking—winking her.

Remember what thoughts the high-souled girl had had about the man; her instinctive recognition of his grand and lofty nature; the many engrossing reveries of which he was the hero; his motives, his life, his plan of existence—the past—all that goes to make up entity—the constant themes; then the breathless moment last night when her spirit had stirred to his touch and torn with a sudden bewildering recognition of both as having come into her life once before—it wanted but the touch of his hand now, and then that hand and that look in his eyes, to wins her woman's heart; then the long blind dream of maiden freedom and to show her that this man was the law of her life, toward whom all her feelings surged with the sweet, unreasoning, tumultuous madness of woman's first love!

As his exultant whisper rushed by her, and his eyes burned into hers, his hands stealing upon her, his heart beating loudly nearer and nearer, and the child was melting inch by inch into his arms, a thought, sudden, tearing, keen, as a knife in her bosom, flashed through her trance of happiness; it was, "This, my life! Lord, believes not in a God; dare I, loving him so, trust in your infinite influence?"

And her rich blushes faded, and her eyes, steeped in love's intoxicating languor, shrunk, blackening with a breathless, numbing pain.

In a dream she heard his words begin to flow,

earnest, reverent, rich with a passion as yet un-

wasted by a single drop on the dusty highway of his life-path hither; thrilling and eloquent as only such gracious affection could be; but a knell was tolling all the while in Cordelia's heart, and her face was blushing slowly. She turned upon him soon, interrupting the gentle voice, sending a great pang through his craving heart with her first faltering murmur.

"Yes—yes—it is true; she loves me, too!" he sighed, his usually calm, self-contained face acquireing the eloquence of profound passion and he held out his eager hands to her, winking—winking her.

He drew back, amazed, and looked at her. She neither met nor avoided his burning gaze; she stood, before him motionless, breathless, wan, cant-eyed, like some young creature in its summer prime watching death approach. Only her lips moved, and they were white and dry. "Impossibly! impossible!" she sighed.

"Why?" at last the German found breath to say, in a voice that was surely never his.

"Because I dare not!" she answered, feebly,

and with a little quick motion of the hand, as if she would at once bless and bid him an eternal farewell, she moved away. But the man's passion has risen; strong as he is his master, and acts perfect at its bidding. He tried softer words, and then, with a smile, "I have no need to tell you that your love is real; she loves me, in your eyes I read it—knowing this, then, why do you treat me so?" he said, urgently.

Seeing that he would not put off, she steered herself to show him the hopeless abyss that yawned between them.

"It is all very simple," she moaned, folding and unfolding her hands upon her breast, as if the restless pain there would keep obtruding its sting upon her notice. "You are so much stronger than poor I, that sooner or later you would merge my life into yours, and then, what would be my allegiance to the Creator of us both?"

In speechless amazement he heard; it had never once occurred to him that any abstract question could come between a man and his

IDA.

BY PAUL G. PROCTOR.

I know there is a Heaven, for her fair face
Wearseth a beauty so divinely

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

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"Why—is it possible you do not know? There has been a divorce!"

"Who procured it?"

"I did. I got it before Captain Conyers died in India."

"Then, God forgive you, Francis Oliver! You have been the evil genius of that poor child's life; but this last cruelty crowns all. Let us say good-by, at once!"

"As you like."

But, even while he spoke the words, something slipped in his throat, and his eyes filled with tears.

"You ought not to be so harsh with me," he murmured. "However, good-by, since you will have it so, and may you be happy. Shake hands once more!"

He gave her hand. He bent over it again, then touched his horse with his spur, and was off like the wind toward the Pyramids. Straight on in the wide desert he rode, and so vanished from her eyes. In the land of his adoption he lived and died, but Olive Elliot never saw him on earth again!

CHAPTER XXVII.

"There's a blue flower in my garden,
The bee loves more than all—
The bee and I, we love it both,
Though it is but frail and small."

"She loved it, too, long, long ago—
Her love was less than mine;
Still we were friends—but only friends—
My loss, love, Eoline."

Kitty, going back into the farm-house in a state of utter bewilderment, met good Mrs. Westwood, with her hands full of magnificent hot-house flowers.

"Oh, there you are!" she exclaimed, as she caught sight of her young lodger. "I was so afraid you had gone out. And here are some splendid flowers, that Judge Hill brought for the sick lady from his own conservatory."

"Judge who?" said Kitty, as she took the brilliant bouquet and hid her face in it, lest the old lady should see the equally-brilliant blush that rose suddenly to her cheeks.

"Judge Hill, of Hilltown—a great friend of my son John. Such a house as he has got, my dear! Such horses, such carriages! He is an Englishman, you know."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; and when he came to America he was as poor as Job's turkey, they say. But everything has prospered with him since he settled out West. He is a naturalized American citizen, you see, and as smart a man as you will find anywhere. He has been a select-man, and member for Congress, and now he is a judge, and Hilltown is named after him. You must let my John drive you over there some day; for his place is really worth seeing."

"Mrs. Hill might not like that," suggested Kitty, in a low voice.

"Law bless you! he isn't married. That is the worst of him. He won't marry. We always have a quarrel about it when he comes here. As I tell him, an old bachelor is of no sort of use in this world; but he only laughs. So kind is he to women, too! The minute he heard we had a sick lady here he brought these flowers all the way himself—twelve good miles, if it is a step."

"He is indeed, very kind," said Kitty. "Pray, say how much we are obliged to him, the next time he comes here."

"That will!" And the good old woman bustled away to look after her household affairs.

Kitty mused a moment, then went straight to La Stella, gave her the flowers, and told her all. Whereupon La Stella, wayward as invalids usually are, bestirred herself to obtain more information about the young judge, and ascertaining, without a doubt, that he was about to pay a short visit to the city of New York, she immediately insisted on returning there—dragged Kitty in her train, and entered upon a round of fashionable dissipation, which had but one acknowledged end, that of bringing the long-parted friends together once again.

They met first at a party in a Fifth Avenue hotel, given in honor of the English consul.

Kitty, the brilliant, dark-eyed woman, with a certain Spanish air, and coquetry visible in her manner, was the acknowledged belle of the room. Young men and old men bowed alike at her shrine, and gazed enraptured on the perfect loveliness of her face. All save one—and he stood aloof, at a little distance, with his head bowed moodily, and his arms crossed upon his breast. With a kind of star-crossed interest he mingled with the select few who were following her to the music-room. A friend came up and took his arm.

"It will be such a treat," he whispered. "She seldom sings, but to-night was obliged to yield. I am so glad."

He did not answer. He was watching the superb air of indifference with which she received the attention of those who thronged around her.

"What shall I sing?" she asked, indifferently.

"Oh, let it be one of your beautiful Scotch ballads," said a lady who stood beside her.

She paused, played a simple prelude, and began to sing "Bonny Doon."

The listener started and turned pale. He had often heard that same song among the groves of New Forest, and though the deep contralto voice was wonderfully strengthened and purified, he felt that it must be the same. Dazzled and bewildered he passed his hand over his eyes, and tried to think.

How she had changed! How proud and queenly she looked—and how well her costly dress became her! He sat at her with his soul in his eyes. As she sang the touching words—

"My fair muse lover put'd me the rose,
But, oh, he left the thorn with me!"

With the sound of tears in her voice, she looked up, and there beside her stood the one whose memory seemed inseparably connected with the song, and of whom she was even then thinking! The shock was too great and sudden. She sprang up, laid both her hands in his, and then, for the first time in her life, she faint!

All was confusion around her; but it was Judge Hill who bore her to a couch near the window.

"Give her air!" he said, loudly, and they obeyed, while one or two, who had remained to assist him, hurried away for remedies. The two long parted were alone.

She opened her heavy eyes, and saw him bending over her, pale as death.

"You here! Do we meet again like this, William?" she exclaimed.

After the first sudden shock, however, she bore the meeting well, for she had been schooled herself for it long. Not so the judge. His voice faltered—his cheek paled as he touched her hand, and a deep flush rose to his very temples. With a graceful ease she covered his embarrassment, and dismissing the group of friends around her one by one, faunited herself

languidly while she chatted, first to him, and then to La Stella, who still remained. But William was too anxious and ill at ease to join the conversation, and at last she took pity on him.

"The heat of the room is still so great," she murmured, "if you will give me your arm, we will explore some of the cool marble halls and passages for which this house is so famous. Anything is better than these crowded saloons."

"Dear Kitty, forgive me," he said. "But when I saw you so unhappy, I could not go away or be silent. You know—you must know—that I love you with all my heart and soul. I would sooner die than see a shadow or a cloud upon your heart."

A look of bitter pain passed over it even as he was speaking; for she remembered that he had said the same thing to her, long before, in the garden by the New Forest.

"I am sorry to hear you say this," she answered, rather unsteadily.

"I have always felt that you were wronged," he went on, eagerly. "I have heard something about you—not much—but enough to make me love you more, and to long with all my heart for the happiness of calling you my wife."

"Ah," she said, shaking her head, "I have had many a thought of you, William, since I knew we were to meet. We have both grown old. So ends this little story of love for me. But, for the rest, I try to be useful and busy, and fill up my appointed time as best I may. It is a pleasurable life, too, than I once thought it could be. It is not the life that might have been; but God knows what is best. I look back upon my early life in the New Forest, and that troubled ecstasy of love as a beautiful dream, which was given me at morning, that I might better support the toils and trials of life's noonday. But the noonday is over now, and the night is coming on. I look forward to nothing but rest. I have waited to tell you this, William—to thank you for all your goodness and kindness—to say 'farewell. God bless you!' I am glad you are a good and a noble man; because one day, if not now, I am sure you will be a very happy man."

One light pressure on his hand, and she glided away like a ghost.

He did not attempt to detain her. He left the house and sought his own rooms at the Hotel.

Throwing a few things into a valise, he stepped out into the street, and walked slowly up toward the hotel where the ball had been given. He found himself there, after a hurried walk of some five minutes.

"It's the last time, Kitty, that I shall be so weak," he murmured, as he looked up at the brilliantly-lighted windows. "The last time I shall be so near you! Oh, Kitty, you are a good and a noble man; because one day, if not now, I am sure you will be a very happy man."

He buried his face in his hands and wept like a child. The memory of the happy hours he had spent with her, came over him too strongly to be borne. He could only meet such remembrance with his tears.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, oh, sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!"

"Oh, well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play;
And well for the sailor-lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay."

TENNYSON.

In the guest-chamber at the Westwood Farm, Kitty Oliver lay dying! Consumption, that fatal scourge of the Northern climate, had already numbered La Stella among its victims, and was but waiting now, in a few hours, to claim another as his prey.

Kitty knew that it was all over—know that the fair green earth had nothing more in store for her. Yet she was very calm—busying herself in penning little trembling farewells to her father, Miss Marchmont, and the husband whose face she was never to see again. When the letters were finished, she lay back upon her pillow with a placid smile.

"And this is death!" she said, musingly. "After this sad mistake of life comes the sweet and long repose! I do not fear it."

A sob from the watcher by her side checked her. She put out her hand gently.

"Poor William! First to love, and last to deserve me! I knew that you would come when I sent for you. And I shall die happier for having you here. There is something sweet to me in the thought of passing my last hours with you. I began life by your side alone, let me also end it here."

He could not speak. He laid his head down upon her hand, and cried bitterly.

"Do you remember?" she said, dreamily, "the old fairy tale we used to read together? How I should like to hear it once again."

"I can remember it, Kitty."

"Tell it to me, then."

With a trembling voice, broken by sobs, he began the dear familiar tale.

She checked him in the middle of it, saying:

"Oh, I wish we had staid in the New Forest all our lives, dear, reading fairy tales! I was so tired all these years; I am so tired now!"

She closed her eyes with a weary sigh, and seemed to doze. Then a strange change passed over her face, she opened her eyes, and looked with quivering fear at him.

"After all, I dread it! It is dark and cold!"

"I feel so faint! I am afraid to die! I don't know how to die."

"But we have read in the Bible, my darling—"

"I know. God be merciful to me—a sinner."

They were her last words. She folded her hands upon her breast, looked up to Heaven, and died.

The tale is told, dear reader! If you ask me why I have painted the sad picture of their separation, and of whom she was even then thinking! The shock was too great and sudden. She sprang up, laid both her hands in his, and then, for the first time in her life, she faint!

William bent above her in speechless agony a moment. Then, rising from his knees, he closed the sightless eyes, kissed the cold lips, covered the poor, pale face, and went away, weeping bitterly.

The fairy tale was never finished. But better words and a sweeter song were on her lips, we trust, in Heaven!

The tale is told, dear reader! If you ask me why I have painted the sad picture of their separation, and of whom she was even then thinking! The shock was too great and sudden. She sprang up, laid both her hands in his, and then, for the first time in her life, she faint!

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THE UNMARRIED MAIDEN.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

She was a maiden very gay,
Her costume var'ga-ted,
Her given name was Anna May—
Her life was anima-ted.

And from her eyes, so very arch,
She glances like an archer,
They had the power to make you start,
Although she was no mother.

Her father he was very poor,
And left her with a portion;
Her wedded days were nearly o'er
And she would not the ore shun.

Her eyes would flash with ire
When she was asked to iron;
And while her father was a sire
His daughter was a siren.

While every one thought her a fay
Her angered frown was fatal,
To frown on lovers was her way
And so she made them wait.

Lovers to do the most did die,
The tears would fill a vial
And every one would swear to die
For her sake by the dial.

Each wished to call her his own
And longed to have her only;
And though in spite of any loan,
Without her, d' they be lonely.

Although she looked quite well in lace,
You would not call her lazy.
And she, in those old-fashioned days,
Did blossom like the daisy.

Her figure was a little spare,
Say, like an English sparrow,
But still she could not look on air
As would a bow-shot arrow.

Her form just like the latter S
Of grace and all the essence,
And she loves fashion none the less
Since she loves music-lessons.

Of many subjects she had read,
On answers was e'er ready.
And turned the heads of Tom and Ed
As if within an eddy.

When asked her hand she would say "La,"
With vehemence unlawful,
And then her suitors would say "Ah,"
And carry on quite awhile.

To every one she would give No;
To wed she had no notion;
And she advised them all to go
And travel unto Goshen.

And those who at her dear feet laid
Their hearts, so heavy laden,
Found in their lives many darker made
By this unloving maiden.

To wed she thought 'twas best to wait,
But thus her life grew weighty,
And so alone she lived and ate,
And died when she was eighty.

Cavalry Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGOON.
 BY LAUNCE POYNTZ,
 AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE
 SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

VII.

THE LODGE-POLE TRAIL soon became so plain that scouts could follow it at a trot, and whenever a piece of soft ground came along, they could see the marks half a mile ahead. The scouts pronounced the trail about twelve hours old, and it was clear that the Indians had been there near. So the trail was as fast as the wagons could be driven, the scouts running on so far ahead as to be almost out of sight at times. The column of cavalry only about half a mile in front of the wagons.

There they were on the broad green plains, the grass now spring well up, and hiding the crevices and dog-holes that make riding so dangerous. The country stretched away in waves like a great sea on all sides, and as the sun came out hot, the monotony of the scene and the want of rest began to make the officers sleepy. Every now and then, in the distance, one might see a few antelopes standing on the swells, watching the soldiers with curiosity; and some distant moving specks, which examined through a telescope, turned out to be a herd of mustangs scurrying away.

Custer very soon became tired of riding at the head of his column, when all the scouts were away. He knew that the Indians were out of reach at present, and he was always devotedly fond of hunting. He could not resist the temptation of going off after some antelopes. There was a little group, right ahead of the column, two miles off, and he made up his mind to have one if he could.

"Come, come!" Come, Maida!" he cried, and away he went over the plain with his two gallant greyhounds. The antelopes stopped him in astonishment as he came, till he had topped and turned a swell, and lost sight of the column and his game at the same time. Then he pulled up, and rode more leisurely, skirting the foot of the next swell to leeward of the antelopes, in hopes of surprising them. Sure enough, when he rode over the next ridge, there were the pretty creatures not three hundred yards off, still staring at the distant wagons, which they could see through a dip in the swell.

The next morning the antelopes saw Custer, and then you never saw a rarer sight run, but you never saw anything run like those prairie-horns. Away went Custer at the top speed of his thoroughbred horse, and away went the two greyhounds, stretching out straight in their frantic eagerness. They might as well have chased a bird. The antelopes left them behind as if Custer had ridden on a cart-horse and the dogs had been fat lapdogs. Before one could say "Jack Robinson," the pronghorns were out of gunshot, and then they began to stop and look back as if inviting the hunter to come on.

In those days Custer was very green at hunting antelopes, or he never would have tried to ride them down. For one or two years they are the swiftest animals on the continent, though they can't last if hunted by relays of horses. However, he had all this to learn yet, so he kept on, sometimes getting near the game, but always distanced whenever they got frightened, till at last he gave it up as a bad job and called back his dogs.

There was not much run left in the grayhounds. They were quite exhausted already, for they had been fed so high in camp that they were too fat to run well. So back went master, horse and dogs, all feeling pretty well disappointed. There was no bark for them that day.

The change and carried Custer out of sight of the wagons, and he hardly knew where he was. So he began to peer all round the horizon for landmarks. Nothing all round but the green plains, dotted with patches of bushes, one hillock just like another.

See, what's that? Custer started in his saddle, and shaded his eyes with his hand. Not a half-mile from him was a great black beast, quietly feeding in a green bottom, and it needed no one to tell Custer, any more than it would you, had you seen it, that it was he he had never seen one in his life before except in a picture, but there stood a real live *buffalo* waiting for him.

Who cares for antelopes now? A moment later, Custer had turned his horse, and was going straight for the buffalo. The beast was feeding, with its head turned away, and again comes the crack of his pistols.

That did the business. The cow staggers and drops on her knees, and a moment later down she goes, dead.

Custer has killed his first buffalo; and as he pulls up, he hears the crackling of pistols that tells of his friends being hard at work beside him.

How they fared, we shall hear next week.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

was able to ride softly up to within a few hundred yards, when the buffalo suddenly tossed up its head, wheeled round to look, and then started off at a rapid gallop.

"I'll run now, we'll get off," thought Custer; and away went his splendid horse, full speed, the dogs running ahead. The buffalo looked heavy and awkward, but somehow it puffed even Custer's splendid horse to catch up with it, tired as the horse was with the run after the antelopes. However, the dogs had recovered their breath by this time, and they had nothing to carry, so they skimmed away over the plain, and were soon up with the buffalo.

Look at that! Brave Blucher! The gallant dog made a grand leap and caught the buffalo by the ear. No use to Custer. He's too much for you. See the great black beast stops a moment, shaking its head, and sends poor Blucher flying, taking a mouthful of hair with him, for he wouldn't let go. Custer is coming up now. If he had a common horse, it would have given up long ago, but a thoroughbred will run till it drops dead.

Atway goes the buffalo again, Maida after it on the other side. Good Maida! See, she tries the same leap again, Blucher, but misses it. The buffalo gives a low, angry bellow and makes a dash of its great head at the brave dog. No use, old fellow. Maida is too quick. There comes Blucher again, plucks as ever, and heads off again flying, taking a mouthful of hair with him, for he wouldn't let go. Custer is coming up now. If he had a common horse, it would have given up long ago, but a thoroughbred will run till it drops dead.

Dr. Sidney was undeniably handsome, with a beauty that, while women adored it, men were bound, as well, to admire. He was manly and chivalrous as a prince; he was gentle and caressing in his manner and tone, to women, and yet no one had ever dreamed of calling him impulsive or susceptible. He was frank, fearless, and decided in his way with men, and still he never had been called self-important or conceited, or anyway offensive.

He was generally conceded to be a gentleman of unusual skill and far-sightedness in his practice, and his position of a high and well-spread reputation, and a large, successful practice. He was the center and soul of the social circles in which he moved when his business admitted of such relation, which was not nearly as often as people wished. He was unmarried, well-to-do, kept up a charmingly hospitable establishment, over which his sister presided, and thirty-eight years old, about.

Do you wonder, then, that Florence Hamilton fell in love with him almost as soon as she met him?

I have said that Dr. Sidney was neither impulsive nor susceptible, and that means not that he did not ardently admire women—pretty, agreeable, fascinating women—but that he was hardly the one to be falling in love with every pretty, agreeable, fascinating woman he saw. Once or twice in his life had he imagined himself in love, and once had been on the very verge of an engagement, but something had happened that made him take more time for consideration, and the result was when he met Florence Hamilton he was heart-and-fancy-free.

Of course he was perfectly aware how he was angled for. I do not think it would be possible for any one man or woman to be acknowledged as a friend by so many as Dr. Sidney, as he was, and not even a buffo to show off for it. Custer's finger had been the trigger when the buffalo charged, and as he clutched at his reins to keep his balance, he had killed his own horse.

So ended Custer's first buffalo hunt; and so, or nearly as badly, ends the first buffalo hunt of every man who goes after buffaloes.

He sat down on the dead horse, pretty well cast down, and presently the two dogs came slowly trotting back, as if to ask what was the matter with their master. Here was a pretty situation to be in. Out on the plains without a horse, no rifle, for he had left that behind, nothing but pistol and a sword, and had no idea where he was. "Well," thought Custer, as he always did, "it's no use crying over split milk. I must find the column, or maybe the Indians will find me."

So he started off on foot, following like a sensible man, the back trail of his horse. He knew where he had come from, and he judged that he might find the column or its trail, if he went on long enough. He was saved the trouble of a long tramp, however. No sooner had he topped the next swell, than he saw the dust of his own men; and within half an hour he had another horse and rider along at the head of his column, as if nothing had happened. A party went off and took the equipments from the dead horse, while the column pursued its way.

That day, the scouts went on very rapidly, the trail of the Cheyennes getting plainer and plainer. Fresh trails of parties of horsemen began to join it from each side, showing that the scouts were right in their supposition. The scattered Indians were beginning to re-unite, thinking themselves out of danger. Several small lodge-pole trails joined the first, till the main trail was as plain as a road, and as easy to follow.

Moreover, the earth had not fallen down and packed, as it would have if the dew had fallen on it. This showed that part of the trail must have been made since daylight; how long? was the question. The head trailer said just after sunrise, and his reason will give you some idea of what trailing is in its nature.

"See dirt all stuck up big lumps, general," he said in his broken English. "Maybe so, must be wet, much heap. Dirt little bit stick now—see?"

He pointed to the lodge-pole marks. The dirt at the edge of the trail was in good-sized lumps, and seemed to be stuck together. Then he scraped another furrow close beside it and showed how the dry dust fell away in small particles on each side. It was plain that the dirt must have been wet, when the lodge-poles scraped along, and, as there had been no rain, it must have been before the dew dried, that is, just after sunrise. It was now eight hours since sunrise, so that the column had probably gained four hours on the Cheyennes, who had started twelve hours ahead of the soldiers.

This was very encouraging. The wagons were passed to a trail, and the regiment was divided into five or six little shifts, each moving abreast of the others, at some five hundred yards off. By this means the soldiers commanded a view of a large expanse of country, and the horses in the rear of the column were not tired by trotting to catch up.

The trail grew fresher whenever the ground was soft, but sometimes they came to long hard stretches of barren ground, only covered with the short buffalo grass, and as hard as a rock underneath. All the same, the Delawares and Shawnees pushed on, pointing out the trail by a few bent blades of grass, quite confident they could see through a dip in the swell.

The next morning the antelopes saw Custer, and then you never saw a rarer sight run, but you never saw anything run like those prairie-horns. Away went Custer at the top speed of his thoroughbred horse, and away went the two greyhounds, stretching out straight in their frantic eagerness. They might as well have chased a bird. The antelopes left them behind as if Custer had ridden on a cart-horse and the dogs had been fat lapdogs. Before one could say "Jack Robinson," the pronghorns were out of gunshot, and then they began to stop and look back as if inviting the hunter to come on.

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(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

The Havoc She Wrought.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

you are having a splendid time, and are the reigning favorite on all sides. I want you to have a good time, dear, and let every one know what a precious treasure I possess; only, darling, don't flirt with any one enough to hurt them, for I know you are as true as steel, loyal and sincere as you know I am.

"It is just possible that I may come to escort you home, Florrie. If the courts are not in session I will. Think of it! Such a lazy, delicious ride all by our two selves! I will be so good and kind to you, darling, that the three hundred miles shall not be tedious.

It would have been impossible for any woman to read Rolf St. Lawrence's letter and not realize, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he loved Florence. How could with the fervor of his猛烈, with all the tenderness of a grand, noble nature, and that, true and good himself, he pined his faith, implicitly upon her?

And Florence realized it with a sensation she could not describe, that was not proud delight that it was so, nor yet sorrow that she had been playing him false.

"He is a dear, good boy, and I suppose, of course, I love him. But—"

But as she looked up, through the window, and caught a glance from Dr. Sidney's eyes as he leaned forward and bowed in passing in his carriage, she wondered again if she had not been unwise, ay, worse than unwise—cruel, as he was, to have two such a love to love her?

Two days afterward, Florence was grave and quiet beyond her wont. For days she delayed the answer to Rolf St. Lawrence's letter, and Dr. Sidney's quick eyes discerned, that, though she persisted in declaring herself the victim to a slow, tedious headache, that there was something deeper than headache the matter, something beyond the power of medical aid.

It was then, that Dr. Sidney made up his mind to tell her how he loved her—how he had come to regard all other good the gods had given him as nothing if she, too, might not be given to him; and only the sight of her sad eyes, her pale face, her confessing ways, prevented him from telling her all his secret, upon which he was so fond.

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